

A Father of Souls.

I.

Pater mi, pater mi, currus Israel, et auriga ejus! I like to think that this loving outburst of Eliseus rose in the heart of many an English Catholic on that Sunday evening, a few weeks ago, when the news spread so widely and so swiftly, that it was feared that the lapse of a few hours would make us orphans of him whom so many of us had been wont to love and revere as the father of our souls. The Monday night brought to us the further tidings that it had been as we feared, and then there came that strange outburst of the thoughts and feelings, it may almost be said, of a whole nation, too spontaneous and too universal for any one who witnessed it to doubt of its genuine character. Foreigners must think us a strange people, honouring what we have barely tolerated, and venerating what we have rejected. Five and forty years ago, the name of John Henry Newman was a by-word and a reproach. After proscription and isolation, he was, as much as any man ever was, hunted out of the Anglican Church, as Cicero said of Catiline, *vel ejecimus vel emisimus vel ipsum egredientem ferro et igne persecuti sumus*. And now, with hardly a murmur of contradiction, the leading organ of the High Church party proclaims him to have been the "founder of the present Church of England," and the phrase, whatever is meant by it, is echoed by men of very different parties from that which is represented by the *Guardian* newspaper.

About seven years after his conversion, Father Newman was the defendant in the action brought by the well-known apostate friar, Dr. Achilli, in vindication of his own character, and a British jury, aided by a sympathetic judge,¹ as it was said at the time, found Father Newman guilty of libel. He was lightly fined, and the public was evidently on the side of the

¹ The late Lord Campbell.

accused. Still, though he had done a very bold thing, and Englishmen always appreciate boldness, Father Newman had not entirely won the sympathy and confidence of his fellow-countrymen. The nation had not yet recovered from the excitement of the so-called Papal Aggression.

But a great change in public opinion regarding Father Newman was caused by the attack made on him, some years later, by Mr. Kingsley, which drew from him the book by which he is probably best known to the mass of his countrymen, the *Apologia*, afterwards republished under the name of *History of my Religious Opinions*. It was by the *Apologia* that Father Newman first became truly known to the great majority of Englishmen, and even those who knew him best before, learnt most of his character and history from this book, which will also be the nucleus of whatever may hereafter become public property concerning him. It is his fortune that Englishmen will know so much concerning him from his own pen. And this will be still more true hereafter, if any large portion of his extremely beautiful correspondence is given to the world.

Thus, by a singular providence, it was the lot of an adversary of the late Cardinal to furnish the occasion of which he made so splendid a use to rehabilitate himself in the opinion of his countrymen. In some measure Mr. Kingsley laid the foundation of the veneration which they came to entertain for those very virtues of Father Newman's which are most in honour among us, and which his assailant had denied him. For the charge brought against him was one of want of reverence for truthfulness and straightforwardness, and its issue was, not merely an absolute confutation of the particular accusation, but the creation among Englishmen of the conviction that, if there was a man among them who possessed these virtues in an eminent degree, and whose whole life had been guided by a single-hearted devotion to the truth, that man was the man who had been attacked as if he had advocated a disregard of truth as of something unimportant. Here was a man who had always told the truth, sought the truth before all things, who had sacrificed everything for the sake of the truth, and who would never deceive any one, or for any consideration whatever swerve an inch from the path of truth. The most absolute confidence in his truthfulness and honesty became the foundation in the English mind of the veneration with which he was from this time regarded. Whenever after this he appeared in polemical

warfare, whether it was against his old associate, Dr. Pusey, or such an adversary as Mr. Gladstone, he was listened to with a strength of confidence which no one else has in our time commanded. I attribute this result to the fact that Englishmen instinctively honour truthfulness, and give their confidence in an unequalled degree to one in whose honesty and truthfulness they can perfectly confide. It must be allowed that the openness of the self-revelation made in the *Apologia* was something perfectly unparalleled; and it was made in a way which carried with it the evidence of its own sincerity. If we consider also the charm of the style, and the personal interest of the whole narrative and of the subject-matter, it would be difficult to find another book of the kind at all equal to it in attractiveness. But I believe that the principal force of the *Apologia* on the English mind lay in the conviction it left of the truthfulness of the author.

It is not my business in this short paper to compare man with man, or to speak of Father Newman, as to his controversial methods, in contrast with those of the writers whom I have just mentioned, or others, the rank and file of the men who have been engaged in polemics in our time and country. But I think that nobody will be inclined to deny the singular pre-eminence of Father Newman in the matter of which I am speaking. It was commonly said of him that he used to put his adversaries' case better than they put it for themselves, so careful was he of that condition of right discussion which so few think of fulfilling, the perfect intelligence of the side of the question against which he was to argue. Who ever complained of him with justice for any of those unfairnesses which the ablest and most respectable of ordinary controversialists cannot always escape—the ignoring of the force of an argument, the unfairness in quotation, or again, the unwillingness to pay what we may call the debts of honour of discussion, to acknowledge, for instance, a slip when it has been pointed out, to correct a mistaken assertion even when involuntarily made, however egregious the blunder may have been, and however important may have been the false conclusion based upon it? While he was yet an Anglican, he publicly withdrew all the hard things he had said against the Catholic Church, and I do not remember any charge being brought against him of the kind of which I am now speaking, while other men could go on with their controversy without

taking notice of blunders which had been publicly pointed out, and some would even leave behind them undischarged to their dying day such debts to truth, and this though they may have undertaken to get rid of them.

But it is not my purpose to enter on topics such as these. But I again repeat, that I believe it to have been this among other things which gave the late Cardinal the confidence of his countrymen in so unexampled a degree. It was not a sentiment or admiration for his many virtues, still less was it the classical beauty or the masculine force of his style, that made Englishmen believe in him and trust him. He had all these and other gifts of the kind, but it was above all because truth was for him the one thing in the world to live for and to die for. If to say this is to imply that there are few men in a generation about whom men feel this, it is not a thing to wonder at greatly. I can remember the effect that was produced when the Duke of Wellington got up to speak in the House of Lords after the death of his great friend and colleague, Sir Robert Peel, by the simple words of his eulogy: "My lords, he always spoke the truth!" The Duke perhaps meant that Sir Robert Peel had twice told his political friends and the nation at large that they were unwise in resisting any longer measures which he had himself before opposed. He meant that as to Catholic Emancipation in the first instance, and the repeal of the Corn Laws in the second instance, it was time now to yield to the necessities of the case. In both cases he made a great political sacrifice, and in both cases he was rewarded by the admiration of his countrymen for telling the truth against his own interest, although at the cost of political power. His conduct in fact was not altogether without its resemblance to that of Father Newman when he became a Catholic, though the latter did so on grounds of religious conviction instead of the highest political expediency. And Sir Robert Peel was denounced by some, as Newman was, for deserting his cause. If, then, the eulogy of which I speak was worth pronouncing in the highest assembly of Englishmen over a great statesman, it may also be the secret of the power which Cardinal Newman possessed, without having sought it, over the minds and hearts of the nation, that truth was what I have said.

II.

What I have been trying to express in the foregoing paragraphs, cannot be taken by all readers as a complete account of the singular position filled by the late Cardinal in the esteem of his countrymen, nor is it meant to be so taken. Englishmen knew him to have many almost unequalled gifts of various kinds, of which I have not had occasion to speak, and above all, they revered his virtues, his intellectual pre-eminence, his humility, his simplicity, and the great sacrifices he had made, and the bold risks he had run for the cause of truth. I do not expect to meet with universal assent in what I have pointed out as the key, not only of his singular greatness, but also of the singular respect and reverence and confidence which waited upon him while he was living, and which was manifested so spontaneously, and in a manner so universal and so touching at his death.

Now I shall speak more freely, as is sometimes allowed to those who have a great debt to pay, of one whom, as I said in my opening words, many souls, of whom I am one, look upon most truly as the father of our spiritual life. Our Lord in one place bids us call no man our father upon earth, but He certainly cannot mean us to deny those tender ties of relationship which bind some of His children one to another, and which are but a part and a consequence of His infinite love in using some of His instruments and servants to make us more completely and perfectly His own children. St. Paul was fond of the word, and he insists upon it to the Corinthians when he says: "I admonish you as my dearest children, for though you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers, for in Christ Jesus by the Gospel I have begotten you,"¹ and he uses the relationship in order to enforce on them the duty of closely following him, "Wherefore I beseech you be followers of me, as I also am of Christ." What St. Paul claims to have done for the Corinthians, that I must humbly and gratefully acknowledge to have been done for myself by John Henry Newman. God might have used many other instruments and many other means, but what I know of our past tells me, that the instrument and the means He has used for my conversion was Cardinal Newman.

¹ 1 Cor. iv. 16, 17.

It is clear that there must be certain occasions and circumstances when the value of a perfectly trustworthy guide is felt with unexampled power, when the gift of such a man by Providence to a generation becomes like the gift of a prophet sent from God to the men of the time, and when he is hailed by those who can so recognize him as a truly Divine relief from a most urgent and imperative danger. In the case of Cardinal Newman, the times required him. The movement of men's minds had come to that point that a man of his stamp and calibre was necessary, if religion was not to die out among all who could not be satisfied with the old respectable orthodoxy of the high and dry school, and who were too weak to venture for themselves on the formidable step of crossing the Rubicon which separated the English Establishment from the Catholic Church. Call it human respect, cowardice, or what you will, the fears which kept so many shivering on the bank were a real terror to be got over, and it was in thousands of cases the example and authority of Newman that gave the courage. Not, of course, merely his example. But it was the example of a man of the greatest personal weight, a man who had been himself most carefully over the whole ground of the controversy, who had weighed most anxiously all the arguments on either side, a man who had been long looked to as a master in the matter at issue, and who had defended most successfully the very camp which he was now assailing. Add to this the great care with which he hindered premature and ill-considered conversions, and it is easy to understand how the converts felt themselves safe and on firm ground when his authority was added to their own conviction as to the imperative claims of the Catholic Church on their allegiance.

What I am now saying is not weakened by the fact that, after all, the motive for conversion was simply the faith in the Catholic Church, which could derive no greater weight from the fact that So-and-so believed it. But just as the belief of others in their ancestral Protestantism was indefinitely strengthened in thousands of minds by the fact that this or that great authority as it might seem was on the side of that Protestantism, and declared that it was a duty to abide in the Anglican communion, so the authority of Newman gave a sanction and a security to the converts of whom we speak, which was first immensely powerful as an answer to the frequent appeals to personal authority which were so urgently plied on the other side,

and then it acted positively, with all the natural force which belonged to pre-eminence in learning and sanctity on its own account. To put the matter broadly, a conversion sixty years ago was looked at, if not by the convert himself, at least by his friends, as a desertion. After that time it took the character, which it always truly had, of a return to lawful allegiance, on the part of one who had before been an exile from his true home, fighting, if he fought at all, against his legitimate sovereign. *Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.* How often do these words rise to the memory of those who have been thus delivered! and they feel that it is the Lord that has delivered them, and that the hand which was used by Him to destroy the snare was the hand of John Henry Newman.

III.

I have neither the time nor the power to describe the manner in which the influence of Newman gradually became paramount over many souls, whether of the short successive generations which pass one after another through the halls and lecture-rooms of an English University, or in the larger world outside, which reflects the teaching, however it may reach individual souls, of the literature or public life of the day. It is enough to say that the influences of the kind of which I speak are too subtle and too delicate, as well as too powerful and too penetrating, to be easily measured and noted and catalogued. This will surprise no one, in the case of which I am speaking, who believes them to be originally the breathings of the Good Spirit, who breatheth where He will, but whose comings and goings cannot be discerned. The movement which pervaded the land in the years which formed the third and fourth decades of this century, and onwards even to the present time, was very various in its phases and in the character of the minds which it affected, and it has led them to very different issues. Its effects in individuals depended of course very much on what it found in them to work upon, and on the manner in which they dealt with its movings. I am speaking mainly of persons to whom it was an invitation and an impulsion to seek for the ancient truth in the fountains of the Church, obscured and partially disfigured as that truth might have been to particular minds. The Universities were its natural centres of life, and from their old traditions and associations, such a movement towards

antiquity developed itself more vigorously and more rapidly there than elsewhere. But soon it made its way elsewhere, and took possession of home after home and heart after heart. Personal influence, to which Cardinal Newman was always fond of attributing very great power in religious changes, naturally played a great part in its spread, for there were at first few public organs that could be used, and not many pulpits that were open to it, but as time went on all these and other instruments were used, and at last it seemed to be in the air on every side.

The sketch which he himself has drawn in that charming volume, *Loss and Gain*, of the manner in which a simple-minded Eton boy, sent up to residence in one of the Colleges at Oxford, became gradually drawn on to the Catholic faith, and the various influences which had their part in his conversion, will awaken very tender memories in any who, having gone through the process, may now read it for the first time. Of course in such a sketch, Father Newman could not but keep himself in the background; and indeed, to the greater number of those who were affected by his influence, it was generally a silent, unseen agency, working on them as it seemed accidentally, and through others rather than through direct intercourse. But the sketch of which we speak will give an idea of the very quiet and imperceptible way in which one mind after another was won to the dawning light which seemed often to come when there could no account be given of its presence. One friend caught the infection from another without knowing it, and there were many instances in which two friends remained in ignorance each that the other had recognized the truth, and had been long afraid to speak to another of what was in the minds of both. In other cases the contrary took place, and two minds which had thought themselves formerly entirely at one on religious subjects, suddenly discovered that a gulf of separation had opened between them which was never again to be closed. Such are some of the strange surprises which movements of which religious changes are the outcome frequently produce. They remind one of Clough's beautiful verses about the two ships at sea.

As the influence spread it became more multifarious in the means which were available for its propagation. But it is not my business to give any account of these various phenomena. It is enough that there were always a certain number who

shaped their course very much by the example of the great leader, who never sought to gain influence for himself, and by that very abnegation was instinctively followed, who never desired to have followers himself, and who thereby gained them, souls who found in his sermons, his teaching, and above all his example, the guidance that led them on and on to that kindly light of which he has so beautifully sung. It soon became clear to thoughtful persons that the course along which he was being led was not a path teeming with flowers. The movement soon revealed to the skilful eyes of men of the world its tendency to the most unpopular issue that it is possible to suggest to the ordinary Englishman—a tendency to the Catholic Church! He has told us in the *Apologia* how gradually and painfully the conviction took possession of his mind, and the long and patient delays which he exacted of himself before entirely yielding to it.

In the same way he made many of his friends delay far longer than might be now recommended by the most prudent director. Most truly devout and loyal sons as they were of what they deemed to be the branch of the Catholic Church in which their lot had been cast, it was very unwillingly indeed that they surrendered their belief in their old form of religion. This with many was the great difficulty, but there were plenty more of difficulties of other sorts to beset and hinder the onward progress of those who entered on this toilsome pilgrimage. Terrible above all things to many was the separation from all those whom they naturally loved and revered, terrible to others the social loss and the prospect of dooming themselves by their own act to the forfeiture of the only career open to them of usefulness and distinction. In the case of the great Cardinal, all these difficulties were aggravated to him by the sense of responsibility for others of which he could not divest himself. The process of a true conversion is not often without something of the shadow of the cross upon it, but in the case of the Cardinal it was a veritable birth-pang.

It was this that made him in the most true sense the father of many souls—he had passed through all their difficulties beforehand for them. St. Paul speaks to his own spiritual children as having himself gone through for their sakes the pangs of a second childbirth, when he had, as it were, to bring them forth a second time to the truth. "My little children,"

he says, "of whom I am in labour again till Christ be formed in you," and his manner of speaking implies that the process was not without pain to himself. In the case of the Cardinal, it is certain that he had in an unexampled degree to fight the original battle of conversion alone for himself and then for others also, and I think it was the memory of the difficulties which had to be passed through, mental, moral, and social, which made him, as I believe, usually cautious in receiving converts, especially in cases where they might have great troubles to suffer in consequence of their conversion.¹

Some words of his own, taken from his parting sermon at Littlemore, may serve to give an idea of the kind of relation in which he stood to many of his followers, though perhaps this passage does not immediately refer to distinctively controversial questions. "O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know, has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading, has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it."

It would not be a difficulty, therefore, to us to be told that the number of Cardinal Newman's actual converts was not very large, though I am not aware whether it was large or small. Influences such as his are not to be measured by counting heads. Nor, again, is the number or the character of the persons who were influenced by him to good, and in particular to take an altogether new attitude towards what was to him the dearest thing in the world, the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, to be measured by the number of those whom he had the happiness to see actually become members of the one true

¹ I have seen the assertion that Cardinal Newman told many Anglicans to remain where they were. This is quite untrue in the sense in which it might mean that he dissuaded any one from being a Catholic. The source of the assertion is probably the fact mentioned in the text.

fold. Nor is his work in the world to be estimated by the number of his controversial, or theological, or historical books or sermons, though by some of these, even as an Anglican, he formed the mind of more than one or two generations of thinking men at Oxford, and throughout England. His influence was one of those subtle essences from which no mind could escape who came across it, and our Lord gave him a very long day of life, during which he was continually a power over the minds of men. Hundreds and hundreds of men, as we see from the testimony of the writer in the *Guardian*, who did not call themselves his disciples, and remained outside what he looked upon as the natural and legitimate issue of his teaching, are yet in some sense his children, and the arduous and difficult character of the sacrifice which he imposed upon those who were ready by the good grace of God to follow him without reserve, is a more than sufficient explanation of the fact that so many followed him only half-way, or less than half-way, and so many more sat down and turned away in despair. Thus in one sense he had few followers, in another sense he influenced a whole generation.

But who are his true children? Those are surely not such who went half-way or a quarter of the way, or who used fragments of his teaching, or the teaching which he outgrew and disavowed, but those only who by the grace of God recognized him as the providential guide of the time in which his lot was cast. It may be considered as a significant arrangement of the good Providence of our Lord that his span of life was so long protracted, that he lived so long with the hand of death upon him—a life bright and cheerful indeed, and joyous beyond what is ordinary in men who linger so long here, but still with the consciousness that his summons might come at any time, and that though he had little to threaten him positively with the end as instant, his life was for long so frail that it might have been cut short almost at any moment. Almost any accident, almost any attack of disease, however slight, might have brought him to the end during the last year or two of his life. What was this but to give to our conspicuous champion and witness to the truth of the Catholic Creed the opportunity of looking his departure in the face a long time before the actual moment arrived, and so securing to his testimony to Catholicism whatever strength and weight might

be added to it by the most deliberate reflection and the repeated and familiar contemplation of all the great issues that are involved in the flight of the soul to its Creator? Most people are hurried out of this world when they do not expect it, and even the most familiar with the thought of death are taken by surprise at its coming. Long before the time of his departure, Cardinal Newman had written the *Dream of Gerontius*, that beautiful combination of the highest poetry with the purest Catholic dogma. Those who are familiar with the common Catholic prayers for the departing soul will know how closely the author has followed the text before him. Who can believe that so great a servant of God was allowed to die out so peacefully and calmly under any delusions as to what was awaiting him? Who can bear to think that when Gerontius woke up in the next world, he found that he had believed a lurid dream?

H. J. C.

At Ober-Ammergau in 1890.

PART THE SECOND.

AS we descend the staircase from the theatre we find that the never-ceasing rain has been making great pools upon the ground ever since the play began. Once safely over them, we trudge again along the muddy lane—there is the same procession of wet umbrellas—and so we get back to dinner.

There are not many English-speaking people here who, if they were at home, would dine at twelve o'clock. They might sup at twelve, but dine—certainly not. However, when one rises at half-past four, breakfasts at half-past six, and afterwards breathes for upwards of four hours the keen mountain air, one does not feel at all disposed to quarrel with the way the people subdivide their day at Ober-Ammergau; and all do ample justice to the good things set before them by the villagers. At any rate the booths must now begin to reap their harvest, for many who attend the play have come from Munich by the early trains and leave that night, not having where to lay their head at Ober-Ammergau.

One booth sells tobacco and cigars, another fruit, a third wine put up in little bottles and liqueurs in smaller bottles still, a fourth dispenses lemonade and biscuits, and many others dressed meats. One does a roaring trade in uninviting looking sausages. These, which are hung in hanks around the little booth, are taken down as purchased, then thrown upon a grill, which occupies one half of the small counter, and frizzled over burning charcoal. Here, also, stands a solitary specimen of our familiar friend the automatic sweet-seller, which asks ten pfenigs in exchange for chocolate or vanilla. The thing seems out of place in this quaint village, reminding you, as it does, of railway station platforms at home, and smoke and steam which you have left far behind. We hurry to the house of Josef Mayr, whose daughter, Fräulein Rosa, had arranged to get her father to write his signature upon a crucifix we bought the previous

day. We find her seated under the veranda awaiting the arrivals from the play. She brings us through the house into the little shop, and Madam Mayr wraps up our prize. This done we take the short path through the meadows, and reaching the hotel find Peter Rendl, who is the last to quit the stage, brushing the mud from off his trousers at the door.

We soon are seated at our mid-day meal, at which the burden of attendance falls on him. I cannot understand how those engaged upon the stage manage to get their dinner and at the same time attend their guests, unless indeed they snatch a morsel while the latter are preparing to seat themselves at table. The players do not eat the bread of idleness on Sundays. For instance, here is Peter Rendl, who is acting the part of St. John throughout a play which occupies eight hours, and who from half-past six until the stroke of eight was actively employed attending to those at breakfast, and is now serving dinner, no trifling labour, be it recollected, in a room of eighty to one hundred guests. After his long day's work upon the stage is done he will give those guests their supper instead of sitting down to rest and to enjoy his own.

Such work must more or less be reproduced in every house, for all contribute some performers to the play and each is packed with guests as full as it can hold; one of the things which puzzles you at Ober-Ammergau is where they put the crowds which fill the streets the evening previous to the play.

In Johann Diemar's house the dining-room is an addition projecting from the building, and is ceiled and lined with wood and lighted on three sides by windows, through which in finer weather one would have charming views of Ammergau. Along the fourth side, under the old building, there runs a dais raised a foot or two above the level of the room, and separated from it by a balustrade. On this raised part is placed a table at which we sit and have a good view of the varied company. Opposite sit two Americans who are deeply moved by that portion of the play they have already seen.

The people and their play have set them thinking. Speaking of the villagers, one of them says, "Those people must *believe* in their religion, there must be something in it." We chat on, comparing our impressions, while others do the same; and dinner over, the now familiar journey to the theatre begins. We do not use the omnibus which plys from the hotel, but take our way along the meadow-path, and are seated in the theatre some

fifteen minutes before those arrive who wait behind for the conveyance. The front seats, where the rain is falling, are quite filled, those under cover are partly empty, and do not fill until some time after the gun has again fired, and the second portion of the play begun.

This second part is opened by the chorus, the leader describing to the audience in a prologue the night of sorrow Christ has passed when, arrested in the Garden, He is dragged from tribunal to tribunal with every ignominy. A tableau showing Micheas the Prophet being smitten on the cheek, is exhibited as a type of the blow administered to Christ within the house of Annas. The chorus tell the story, then withdraw, and the eighth act of the play—the first of its second part—begins.

The first part of the play concluded when the Redeemer was being dragged forth from the olive-garden by the priests and Pharisees. The second opens at the same instant within the city of Jerusalem before the house of Annas. The stage is empty ; it is night. The door of the house opens, and Annas, attended by some priests, steps forth upon the balcony. He cannot rest or sleep till Christ is in their hands, and he despatches messengers in different directions to seek for tidings of the party sent with Judas. At last he gets the news that Christ is captured, first from one of his messengers, and then from some Pharisees, who enter accompanied by Judas. The Pharisees greet Annas, and he in turn with open arms welcomes Judas, whose name, he tells him, shall take an honourable place upon their records. Judas listens, evidently pleased and flattered. "Even before the feast," continues Annas, "shall the Galilean die." Judas springs back amazed and horror-stricken, as the full meaning of the plot to which he lent himself bursts for the first time on his mind. "Die? die?" he screams, with outstretched arms and clenched fists. "His death," says Annas, "is decreed." Judas vehemently declares he will not be accountable for His blood, but Annas coldly tells him, "that this is no affair of his ; Christ is in *their* power, not in *his*." "But," pleads Judas, earnestly, "I have not delivered Him to you for this." "Thou hast delivered Him to us," say they ; "and the rest is our concern." "Woe! woe!" cries Judas, passionately. "What have I done? He shall not die ; I will prevent it. I will not have it!" He rushes up the street, and the priests call after him, "Whether thou wilt or not, He must die!"

Christ is led in, and Annas asks whether He is the only prisoner. He is told that the disciples fled like frightened sheep, and that the guard did not think it worth their while to catch them, even though Malchus had his ear cut off. Annas, examining the ear, asks wonderingly: "How! did it not leave a mark?" He is told, the ear has been restored by the prisoner's magic power. Annas again demands of Christ an account of His disciples and His teaching. "I have spoken," says Christ, "openly in the synagogue and in the Temple, and nothing have I spoken in secret. Why askest thou Me? Ask those who heard what I have taught them, let those who know repeat what I have said." Balbus here strikes Christ upon the face, for answering the High Priest so, and Christ continues: "If I have spoken wrongly, the wrong will appear; if I have spoken truth, why strikest thou Me?" Annas, exasperated, cries, "Wilt Thou defy us even now? Thy life is in our hands." He motions Christ away, saying, "I am weary, of this insolence."

Christ is led off by Balbus, and Annas retires to his house telling his servants to call him early in the morning that he may attend the Sanhedrim. When all have left the stage Peter and John, who have followed from the Garden, and are filled with apprehension for their Master's safety, come down the street and anxiously examine the house of Annas. While they are thus engaged, a priest comes out and asks their business there at such a time of night. They say that from afar they saw a crowd pass through the Cedron Gate and have followed to ascertain the cause. He tells them that a prisoner was brought in who already has been sent from thence to Caiphas. They hurry off, and so the act concludes.

Again the chorus come upon the stage, explaining by their song two scenes from the Old Testament which foreshadow the wrongful condemnation of our Lord, and His patience under His afflictions. One represents the stoning of Naboth upon the evidence of false witnesses, and the other Job being taunted by his wife and friends. They are both splendid pictures. The tableau shown, and chorus gone, our Lord is led along the street by Pilate's house on to the stage, where He is jeered at and mocked by the rough soldiery until their captain orders them to bring their prisoner to the house of Caiphas.

The curtain parts upon the inner stage revealing Caiphas seated in his chamber upon a dais over which there hangs a

canopy. He is attended by some priests, and as the curtain opens, rises and thanks those present for their help in laying plans for this important capture. All is prepared, he tells them, the witnesses are ready, the examination will be hastened, the warrant quickly sped, and he will see it executed.

Christ, bound, is then brought into the room. Caiphas tells His guard to bring Him nearer that he may see His face.

Christ brought beside the throne is scrutinized by Caiphas, who says contemptuously, "Thou, then, art He who would assail our Synagogue and try to bring about the downfall of the Law of Moses. Thou art impeached for seducing our people, and for despising the holy teachings of our fathers, for Sabbath breaking, and for blasphemous deeds and speeches, and honourable men are ready to confirm by evidence these accusations." Five witnesses step forth with a string of charges, and Caiphas challenges our Lord to answer. Christ is silent. Caiphas, with hand upraised to Heaven, adjures Him by the living God to say if He is the Messiah, the Son of the Most High. "Thou hast said it," slowly replies Christ, "I am He. Hereafter shalt thou see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God in power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." "He hath blasphemed," shouts Caiphas, rending his robe in rage. "What think ye?" "He is guilty of death," all say in chorus. But Caiphas defers judgment, telling the watch to lead Christ out and guard Him well, and bring Him in the grey of morning before the Sanhedrim.

As the scene closes, Judas, in an agony of apprehension as to the fate of Him he has betrayed, comes down the street. This time the three hundred pence which the box of ointment cost are quite forgotten; the words of Annas, "He shall die," have shut out from his mind aught else. He can only think of Christ and of the awful death to which he has consigned Him, and, haunted by remorse and fear, stands staring at the house of Caiphas, irresolute, anxious to know the fate of Him whom he had betrayed, dreading to know the worst. After some hesitation he enters.

Again the curtain opens, this time on a hall in Caiphas' house where soldiers of the guard who captured Christ, are engaged in building up a fire to warm them through their watch. In this they are assisted by two maids, Agar and Sara, who bring the brazier and the wood.

Peter and John, who, like Judas, seek to know the fate of

Christ, are hovering about the entrance of the hall. John is observed by Agar, who asks the soldiers to make room for him, and bids him enter. He explains that he has a friend outside, and asks her that he may also enter. Agar assents, and John goes to the door, but comes back without Peter. Agar inquires of John where is his friend, and is told he stands outside, fearing to come in. She herself goes to the door and bids Peter enter. The soldiers second the invitation, and Peter timidly draws near the fire. To him the conversation which ensues among the soldiers is not reassuring—it turns on the disciples of the Galilean—and one remarks that he who used his sword to cut off Malchus' ear will be severely punished. Agar, who has been closely watching Peter since he entered, now asserts that he was one of those who were with Christ. Peter, in terror, denies this, saying: "Woman, I know not Him of whom thou speakest," and tries to slip away. He is met by Sara, who at once identifies him, saying: "This man was also with Jesus of Nazareth." The bystanders crowd round and ask whether he is a follower of the Nazarene? The unfortunate Apostle looking from one to another, sees no chance of escape, and terrified at the prospect of their vengeance for his assault on Malchus, swears upon his soul that he knows not the Man. Then, from afar, is heard, faint but clear, the crowing of a cock.

Presently Peter is identified by others. He still denies, saying he knows not the Man. They answer that he is a Galilean, his speech betrays him, and grow more menacing. Seeing himself in danger of his life, he calls, with upraised hands, on God to witness he knows not the Man of whom they speak. Again is heard the distant cock-crow. A soldier, cousin to the man whose ear was cut off in the Garden, scans Peter earnestly and is about to question him further, when the attention of the guards and servants is diverted by the entry between two soldiers of our Lord.

Christ is being led from out the room of Caiphas, and as He enters casts a look of tender sadness at His unfortunate disciple. This look changes Peter's heart. Seized with remorse as soon as he meets his Master's eye, he turns aside and weeping strikes his head in anguish. All his valiant promises come back to mind. He, who was to have followed Him to death, has thrice denied Him. He is overcome with shame at his own cowardice, with sorrow for his faithlessness. "Hast Thou still grace for me?" he cries; "Oh, let me find it." He

promises he never will again forsake the Master, whose gentle unrepublishing look has given him assurance of forgiveness; and then he passes up the street, resolved that come what may he never will again be separated from his Lord.

Now a scene takes place which fills with horror and with indignation those who witness it. The soldiers, left alone with Christ, amuse themselves by tormenting their unresisting Victim. They place a bandage over His eyes, then seating Him upon a wooden stool, they greet Him mockingly as a great King and new-made Lord.

One seizing Him by the shoulders from behind, pushes Him forcibly down upon the stool, telling Him to sit firmly upon His throne, lest perchance He might fall off. Another jeers, "Thou art a prophet, too; perhaps the great Elias." Then striking Christ upon the face, he asks, "Who smote Thee?" Then, striking Him again, "Is it I?" Christ sits in silence upon the stool. "Dost Thou not hear?" another cries, and shakes Him roughly. "Sleepest Thou?" says a third, and still Christ answers not. The soldier, exasperated by his Victim's patience, turns to the others. "He is deaf and dumb," he says, "a fine prophet," giving to their Victim, whose hands are bound, a blow which fells Him on His face upon the stage. The others roar with laughter, shouting, "Alas, alas, our King is fallen from His throne!" "What shall we do?" they ask each other in derision, "we have no King." "Our great magician is in wretched plight. Come, let us help Him to His throne." They lift Christ up, and seat Him on the stool again, offering their mockery of homage. A messenger from Caiphas puts an end to the scene. They drag Him out, saying, "Thou hast long enough been King. Out with Thee, Thy kingdom's at an end."

The act which follows is prefaced by a tableau representing the despair of Cain after he had slain his brother Abel. The chorus enter, explaining the analogy between Judas and that of Cain, who is shown standing amid a sterile landscape, with one hand pressed upon his brow, close to his murdered brother. Artistically, this tableau is remarkable for clever treatment of the half-naked figures which form the central objects of the picture.

The chorus gone, Judas, with hair dishevelled, and distracted mien, comes down the street, and paces up and down the

stage. He knows the worst, there now is no uncertainty. It is quite clear to him that Christ must die. "Had He been willing to save Himself, He would have made them feel His power in the Garden, but He did not." And Judas realizes how futile any effort he can make will be to mend the mischief he has wrought. In his despair he says the Synagogue shall have its money, and give him his Master. Vain hope! he knows they will but laugh at him. Fiercely he denounces the duplicity with which they hid from him their murderous intent until he had placed his Master in their power, and quits the stage.

The curtain opens, showing upon the inner stage the council-chamber of the Sanhedrim. The entire Council are assembled, and Caiphas tells them the criminal will be brought before them that they may all be witness to His guilt.

Judas here bursts in upon them, demanding to know if it is really true that they have sentenced Christ to death. He is ordered out, and told he will be sent for if he is wanted. He heeds them not, says he *must* know the truth, and again inquires, "Have you sentenced Him?" They tell him Christ must die. Desperate, he cries out aloud, "Woe is me, I have betrayed the just, ye bloodthirsty judges; ye have condemned the innocent." They try to stop his outcry, shouting, "Judas, peace!" "No peace for me," he says, "no, nor for you. The blood of the innocent calls out for vengeance." Caiphas asks what is troubling his soul, and bids him speak, but speak with calmness. "You would deliver Him who is innocent to death," cries Judas; "you dare not do it—I protest. You have made me a traitor. Your accursed silver—" Caiphas here interrupts, reminding him that he himself has made the bargain. The priests try to work again upon his avarice by promises of more money. "I will have no more," shouts Judas; "I will cancel this shameful bargain. Let the innocent go free!" "Out with thee, madman!" they reply; but Judas has no mind to leave. "I demand of you the innocent. My hand shall be clean of His blood." "Thou shameful traitor!" rejoins a priest; "wilt thou dictate to the High Council? Thy Master dies, and thou hast delivered Him to His death."

Judas seems dazed at first. He stares about, saying, "He dies! then I am lost!" and raves around the chamber, calling upon the denizens of Hell to crush and tear him. "Here," he

screams, "ye bloodhounds, have back your curse!" and, facing them like a wild beast at bay, he casts from above his head the purse of silver down at the feet of those that sit in front of Caiphas. Caiphas, stunned by the awful energy of the despairing man, and partly pitying him, asks why he made the bargain without reflection? The others answer his denunciations, and indirectly rebuke Caiphas, by saying it is only his affair. This maddens Judas. "Then will my soul be lost!" he cries, "and you——" "Silence!" they shout. "You will all sink into Hell with me!" and with this he rushes from the room.

The Council sit some time in silence, each looking at the other, awe-stricken at the scene they have just witnessed. Caiphas breaks the silence at length: "What a terrible man!" he says, as if communing with himself aloud. Annas remarks he has foreseen this; the priests seek to salve their awakened consciences by saying that the guilt belongs to Judas; and Caiphas confirms this by pointing out that, if Judas has betrayed his friend, they only prosecute their enemy. He declares himself of the same opinion as ever, and if any there be of another mind, tells him to stand forth. This challenge restores the shaken purpose of the priests to condemn Christ. The purse meanwhile has lain upon the floor; none seem inclined to touch it, and the question comes of its disposal. Being blood-money, it would be sacrilege to put it in the Treasury, so they decide to buy a field that a potter in the town has to sell, in which to bury strangers; and this having been settled, they proceed to deal with Christ.

He is brought in with His hands bound, and rudely pushed into the centre of the hall, that all may see Him. Then He is asked by Caiphas if He holds to the words He spoke that night before His judge. Before He can reply, Annas interposes, telling Him, "If Thou art the Christ, say so." Jesus answers, "If I should say so, you would not believe Me; and if I were to ask a question, would not answer Me nor let Me go. But hereafter shall the Son of Man sit at the right hand of God." "Art Thou," they ask Him, "also the Son of God?" "You say it," He replies, "and so I am." Annas inquires what need they have of further witnesses? The priests and Pharisees who were not of the Council on the previous night, say they now have evidence from His own mouth. He has blasphemed, and deserves death, and so He is condemned to die.

Three members of the Council are despatched to have an

interview with the Roman Governor, to ask Him to ratify the sentence. And then the curtain closes on the scene.

The delegates now approach the house of Pilate, on the left of the open stage, and as they come they speak with satisfaction of the activity of the traders who are working up an agitation against Christ. The fickle crowd will join them, and Christ's disciples will be silenced and withdraw. Meanwhile they reach the house, but dare not enter, for that would render them unclean before the Pasch; so they must perforce make known their business through the servant who attends their summons at the door. The servant brings their message to his master, returning with the answer that Pilate will receive the Council and listen to their complaint. The delegates depart, debating among themselves the probabilities of Pilate's action.

When they leave, the curtain parts upon the inner stage, showing a desolate and sombre landscape, amid the rocks of which there rises weirdly against the sky the withered skeleton of a blasted tree.

To this place, after his repulse in the Sanhedrim, Judas wanders in his despair. Here the agony of his remorse becomes unbearable. He knows not where to go. No place is so secluded, none so dark, that it will hide his shame. O that the earth would swallow him! Thoughts of the Master he betrayed rise up—of His goodness and His love and His warnings to him when he was already hatching treason. He curses from his heart the avarice which led to his fall, and made him no longer a disciple, but an outcast and a wanderer, in whose breast the fire of remorse must ever burn. Oh, if he could but see His face once more! "But He perhaps is dead, slain by His foes—no, not by His foes, but by my treachery! I am His murderer!" He bewails the hour in which his mother bore him, and all this time has wandered up and down, heedless of all around. Now he catches sight of the gaunt tree, and its outstretched arm starts a new train of thought and offers him a dreadful refuge from his present misery. He stops, and stands regarding it intently. He can endure this misery no longer, and will go one step further, and destroy himself. He then with passionate and feverish haste unwinds his girdle from around his waist, and the curtain closes as he places round his neck the fatal noose and mounts a boulder, throwing the other end of the long girdle across the overhanging limb above.

Zwink's acting in this scene, and in his final visit to the Sanhedrim, is very powerful. By some it has been thought to be exaggerated, and to tend towards rant. It is certainly demonstrative and fiery, but it should be remembered that Judas was not an Englishman, he was an Oriental, and being an Oriental would express his feelings in Oriental, not in English fashion. Johann Zwink gives a strong and faithful rendering of the character as drawn by Daisenberger, that of a passionate, impulsive man, whose better qualities of soul are lying dormant, withered by the curse of greed, and only show themselves in his remorse when face to face with the fearful consequences of his act.

Daniel brought before Darius, King of Babylon, is the tableau shown as typical of Christ's appearance before Pilate, and the music which accompanies the picture is very fine. When the chorus, having done their work, retire, a great crowd surges down the street, and out upon the stage. Christ, bound with cords, and quite exhausted by the sleepless night of sorrow He has passed, is pushed along until He stands amid a group of traders to the right. The priests and Council withdraw from the crowd, and headed by Caiphas, who is dressed in robes of white, stand in a group beneath the house of Pilate to the left. Caiphas commands silence, and the noisy crowd is still. He urges them to be firm in their resolution, and not to rest until Christ dies on the Cross.

Pilate now appears upon the balcony, attended by some courtiers and his body-guard. The latter line the steps, and Caiphas, bowing low, salutes him as vicegerent of the Emperor. He tells him they have here a Man whom they have brought before his judgment-seat that he may sentence Him to death. Pilate says, "Lead Him forth," and Christ is brought out from the crowd, and led in front of Pilate's house. Pilate asks what charge they have against Him. Caiphas does not answer directly, but tells Pilate that if He were not a great criminal, they would have punished Him according to their law. "Well," says Pilate, nettled by the evasion "of what evil deed has He been guilty?" Caiphas replies that He has violated the holy law of Israel in many ways. "Then take Him," rejoins Pilate, "and judge Him by your law." Annas here comes to the aid of Caiphas, explaining that they have come to Pilate because the Roman law does

not allow them to execute their sentence. "How can I?" asks Pilate, "condemn a man to death before I know His crime, or whether He deserves it?" One of the Rabbis, seeing that things are taking a wrong turn, interposes and makes matters worse by telling Pilate that the Council was unanimous, and that their sentence was grounded on complete conviction of His guilt, and therefore it is not necessary that the Governor should take the trouble to institute a second trial. "What," says Pilate sternly, "do you dare propose to me, the Emperor's representative, that I should become a mere blind tool in your hands? No, I must know under what law and in what way He has transgressed." Caiphas replies that by their law He ought to die, because He called Himself the Son of God. "In such a speech," says Pilate, "which at most is but the fruit of an empty fancy, a Roman can find nought deserving death. How can I know," he asks, "whether He be the Son of a God or no? If you can charge Him with no crime but this, I shall not yield to your desire." Caiphas repeats that Christ has been guilty of a crime not only against their law, but also against the Emperor. He is a rebel and seducer of the people. The crowd here second Caiphas, shouting out, "He is a rebel." Pilate says that he has heard of Christ as one who taught the people, and performed wonderful works, but he has never heard that Christ caused any uproar or rebellion. Nathaniel instances His entry to Jerusalem. Pilate knows of this, but no rebellion came of it. Caiphas asks whether it is not rebellion to forbid the people to pay tribute to the Emperor. Pilate demands proof of this. Caiphas says that Christ has described Himself as the anointed King of Israel. Is not that a challenge to the Emperor? Pilate sarcastically expresses admiration at the zeal of Caiphas for the honour of the Emperor, and turning to Christ, asks what He has to say.

Christ stands silent, and Caiphas urges that He cannot deny the charges. The priests and crowd collected by the traders say the same, and loudly clamour for His death. "Patience," says Pilate, "I will hear Him in another place." He directs his guards to bring the Saviour to the outer court, and turning to the Council and the crowd, bids them examine the grounds of their complaint and see whether they do not proceed from some corrupt motive. "Then," says he, "let me know what you decide."

The crowd and Council leave, and Pilate questions Christ.

"Thou hast called Thyself the Son of God. Who art Thou?" Christ is silent. "Wilt Thou not answer me? Knowest Thou not that I have the power to crucify, or to let Thee go?" "Thou shouldst not have any power against Me," says Christ, "unless it had been given thee, therefore he has the greater sin who delivered Me into thy hands." Pilate admires the candour of the answer, and again inquires: "Art Thou King of the Jews?" Christ tells him His Kingdom is not of this world but from above; and Pilate asks: "Art Thou a King?" Christ says: "I am a King—to this end was I born and came into the world, that I should be a witness of the truth. Whosoever is of the truth hears My voice." "What is truth?" asks Pilate, and before he gets an answer, a servant enters bearing the well-known message from Pilate's wife. Christ is led out, Pilate receives the messenger and sends his answer; then questions his attendants as to their opinions upon the matter. They all agree that jealousy of their own power is the motive of the action of the priests. Pilate resolves he will not pander to their wishes: he sends for the priests and orders Christ to be led forth again.

The priests once more assembled, he tells them that he finds their prisoner guiltless. They raise an outcry; Annas declaring that they have the Emperor's word that their law shall be upheld, and Caiphas asks: "Is not He guilty before the Emperor, who has outraged the law which the Emperor has guaranteed?" Pilate replies that if Christ had sinned against the Roman law He would be punished according to it, but he cannot sentence Him to death while he finds He has not deserved it. Caiphas urges that if Christ set Himself up as King, He would deserve the punishment awarded to high treason, but Pilate answers that they have not made it evident that He has arrogated kingly power. Ambiguous words are not enough. Nathaniel asks whether it is not enough that through Him the people were in a tumult, and all the land from Galilee, where His disciples first assembled, to Jerusalem filled with His teaching. "Comes He from Galilee?" says Pilate. "Then I am spared the duty of judging Him. Herod, the King of Galilee, is come here to the feast; take Him, and bring Him to His king." And giving orders that Christ be brought to Herod by his own body-guard, Pilate turns his back contemptuously upon the crowd, enters his house, and leaves the priests crestfallen and exasperated, glaring with looks of

baffled hate upon their Victim. Caiphas proposes to go at once to Herod, who will give protection to their law; and they depart, driving Christ before them, and telling Him that sooner or later He shall suffer.

The tableau introducing the twelfth act, exhibits Samson pulling down the pillars of the house of Dagon, and is remarkable for the great skill which characterizes its composition. The Schutzgeister explain the similarity between Samson fettered and exposed to the derision of the Philistines, and Christ subjected to the jests of Herod; both seeming weak, yet proving the stronger in their death.

The chorus finished, the curtain opens on the hall of Herod: a splendid piece of architectural stage-painting. Herod entering, crosses the stage, and takes his place upon a throne beneath a canopy. He has heard the news: the great magician, Christ, is being brought before him.

He looks with cynical contempt on the religious disputes of the Jews, and promises himself amusement by putting the wonder-working powers of the Saviour to the test. The priests, accompanied by Pilate's soldiers leading Christ, approach, and Caiphas salutes Herod as mighty king, telling him the Sanhedrim has brought a criminal that he may ratify the sentence of the law. Herod shows at once his disinclination to do this by asking them how he can judge within a foreign jurisdiction, and in the same breath exhibits his resolve to be amused by promptly asking Christ to give a proof of His extraordinary powers. The priests, alarmed, explain that Christ is in the very bonds of Satan. "That," Herod cynically remarks, "makes no difference to me." He tries in various ways to induce Christ to work a miracle, and meeting no response but silence, turns to his courtiers, telling them "He can neither do or say anything, He is a mere fool whom popular applause has driven mad." Then turning to the priests: "Let Him go free."

Caiphas earnestly warns the King not to trust Christ, He is fooling to escape His sentence. Annas tells Herod his authority is endangered; Christ has proclaimed Himself as King. "Oh, He is a King, is He?" laughs Herod; "well as King He must have homage, I will clothe Him with a kingly mantle and proclaim Him King of fools." This does not suit the priests, who insist that Christ has deserved death, and that Herod's duty is to punish Him for transgressing the law.

Herod inquires what it is that they have against Him. They say He broke the Sabbath, has blasphemed, and said He would destroy the Temple and in three days build it up again. "Then," asks Herod, "does not that prove Him a fool?" Here a priest attempts to incense Herod against Christ, telling him, "He has called thee, O King, a fox." "Then," says Herod, resting his elbow upon his knee and laughing to himself, "Then He has given me a title to which He Himself certainly cannot lay claim." A servant brings the mantle Herod had already sent for. "Put it on Him," he says, "He shall be shown as King to His people." They throw the white mantle upon the shoulders of our Lord. The priests do not enjoy the ridicule, their purpose is more serious. "He shall die," they cry. "No," says Herod, shaking his head waggishly, "I will not spill the blood of such an exalted King." And then the soldiers lead Christ forth with jibes and jeers.

The Saviour gone, Caiphas urges Herod to give his decision. "My decision," says the latter, "is, that He is a simple fool, not capable of that of which you accuse Him." Caiphas warns Herod not to deceive himself, but the latter says: "The fool must be treated as such," and says that his verdict is given. The priests again are foiled. "Is it thus," they ask excitedly, "that the Law of Moses and the Prophets is set aside?" and retire angry and disappointed.

The thirteenth act takes place in front of Pilate's house, and is prefaced by two tableaux, Jacob lamenting over Joseph's bloodstained coat, a picture touching in character and beautiful in its colouring, and Abraham about to sacrifice his son on Mount Moriah.

The Council, priests and traders, together with the soldiers leading Christ, now again appear after their unsuccessful journey to King Herod, and approach the house of Pilate, their conversation showing their determination to secure the death of Christ. Pilate comes forth, and Caiphas tells him they have brought their prisoner once more before his judgment-seat and again demand His death. The crowd support this demand.

Pilate tells them he has heard their charge, examined Christ, and has found nothing in which He has been guilty. Caiphas and the priests again assert that Christ is a criminal against the Emperor and their law, and deserves death. Pilate, as a compromise, proposes to scourge Christ and let Him go. This does

not please the priests. Annas says that it is not enough, and Caiphas points out that the law provides the punishment of death, not stripes, for such a criminal.

The priests cry out, "To death with Him!" Pilate asks them is their hate so deep as not to be quenched by the blood flowing from His wounds. "You force me," he says, indignantly, "to tell you what I think. You are drawn on by resentment caused by the preference of the people for His teaching. I have heard enough of your complaints founded on your hatred of Him. I will now hear the people. An immense number will be soon assembled according to the custom of the feast to beg a prisoner's life. Then will be seen whether your demand be the expression of the people's voice or of your personal revenge."

This is a gleam of sunshine for the priests. Caiphas sees his opportunity, and bowing low before Pilate, assures him that he will see that he has imputed wicked motives to them wrongly.

Pilate thus challenged, says he knows of a murderer, one Barabbas, who lies in prison, and he will leave the people to choose between him and Christ. Caiphas now has Pilate fairly pledged. "Let Barabbas go free," cry out the priests. "You are not the people," replies Pilate, "they shall speak for themselves. Meanwhile he says he will chastise the Nazarene, and directs the soldiers to lead Christ forth and punish Him according to the Roman law. This, he tells his courtiers, will be sufficient punishment for whatever Christ has done amiss, and the sight may serve to mitigate His persecutors' rage.

The Governor and his suite retire, and the wily Caiphas promptly proceeds to organize an agitation to force Pilate's hand. Now, he tells the traders, is their time. They are to go into the streets and bid their friends come hither; each is to collect a party and excite it to hatred against the enemy of Moses. They are to win the hesitating by specious words and promises, and intimidate the Galilean's friends by outcry, insult, jeers, and threats, and if necessary by violence. The traders promise to return each at the head of an excited crowd, and Caiphas tells them to meet in the Sanhedrim street. They depart eagerly upon their mission, and by their gestures seem while passing up the streets to allot each other various districts to be worked.

The traders gone, Caiphas tells the priests they must not lose an instant, but go and meet the people and incite them to anger against Christ, and with this object all depart.

The front stage now is empty, but in an instant the curtain opens, showing upon the covered stage Christ, stripped of His clothes, His hands tied to a low pedestal of stone which occupies the centre of the stage, on which He is being scourged by Pilate's soldiers. As the curtain opens, their barbarous cruelty is sated and they cease from scourging Him. "Now He has had enough," they say, and Christ is indeed worn out with pain and loss of blood. "This wretched King of the Jews," cries one, "must appear as King; the insignia of the Jewish nation shall be brought to Him." They bring a robe of scarlet, reed, and crown of thorns laid on a cushion along with iron gauntlets, saying these are splendid trappings for a King of the Jews, and ask did He expect such honour to be paid Him. "Come," says one, "let us put on Him the purple mantle." "Thou must sit down," he says, addressing Christ, "it becomes not a King to stand," and he forces Christ down upon the pedestal amid the laughter of the others. "See," says a second, "here is a fine pointed crown, and that it may fit well upon Thy head we must press it firmly." They take two staves or lance-shafts, and crossing them above the head of Christ each of the four men grasp an end and lean upon them until they bend, pressing the thorny crown upon the head of Christ, who shrinks under it in agony. Then they place the reed as sceptre in His hand, telling Him He needs nothing more, and they stand around mocking Him, exclaiming, "What a King!" then kneel to Him derisively, saying, "We do Thee homage, great King of the Jews!"

But the entrance of a messenger from Pilate interrupts them. The Governor has commanded that the prisoner be brought at once into the judgment-hall. They chide the servant for interfering with their homage, then order Christ to rise. They will lead Him forth, they tell Him, as a show; there will be joy among the Jews to see their King in splendour; and as they lead Him forth once more to Pilate, the curtain closes and the act concludes.

The chorus enters, and two new tableaux are shown. The first shows Joseph's triumph when proclaimed as lord of Egypt: a good picture, but one whose bearing on the act which follows is not quite apparent. The other more appropriately shows the choosing of the scape-goat, which is to be led forth into the desert laden with the sins of Israel. These tableaux are accompanied by splendid music, which towards its close assumes

a most dramatic character, the voices of the approaching populace alternating from behind the scenes with those of the Schutzgeister upon the stage ; one pleading for justice and for mercy, the other breathing vengeance.

As the angels leave, the stage begins to fill with the excited mob collected by the priests and traders. Nathaniel first leads one group along the street which passes by the house of Annas, haranguing them meanwhile. Caiphas, now exultant, leads another, pouring from the left side of the street which occupies the centre stage. From the right side of this same street, there streams a third crowd led by Annas, which joins the others, who are reinforced by still another, led by one Ezechiel down the street by Pilate's house. As the crowds approach, they answer the addresses of their leaders by responsive shouts, and boisterously greet each other as they meet.

When all are gathered they fill the stage, a great tumultuous mob surging about, men, women, little children, priests, and traders, all mingled together, and yet well organized, for each group gathers round the priests and traders who have led it thither, and is harangued by its own leaders. Caiphas, Annas, Nathaniel, Ezechiel, address their followers, reiterating their various charges against Christ, and urge them to demand His blood. By some a cry is raised of "Death to the false prophet!" "The death of the cross!" respond another portion of the crowd. "Pilate must crucify Him!" others cry. Caiphas by gestures obtains silence, and addresses them, saying they have escaped the ruin which the deceiver would have brought upon them. He tells them Pilate will let them choose between Barabbas and this blasphemer; they are to demand that Barabbas go free. The mob receives his speech with acclamation, and elated by the success of his arrangements, Caiphas walks up and down exultant and excited, confirming various sections of the crowd in their resolves. He then approaches Pilate's house to threaten him with insurrection if he will not gratify their wishes, and the crowd, with a tremendous shout, demands the blood of Christ.

The uproar brings out some of Pilate's servants, who start affrighted at the aspect of the threatening and excited mob and crying out, "Tumult and rebellion!" rush back into the house. Caiphas encourages the crowd, and one of Pilate's servants, speaking from the balcony, vainly endeavours to obtain silence. The crowd will not be silent; they will not rest they

say, till Pilate has granted their request. The servant promises that Pilate will appear. "Now," triumphantly says Caiphas, "will he hear the people's voice, as he desired."

Pilate, attended by his suite, appears upon the balcony, and Christ, the scarlet mantle hanging from His shoulders, and the crown of thorns upon His head, is led out upon it by two soldiers. The crowd demand His condemnation, and Pilate, pointing to Him, says, "Behold the Man!" "To the cross with Him!" reply the priests. Pilate asks, "Does not this sight rouse some compassion in your hearts?" "No, He must die! To the cross with Him!" they reply. Caiphas addresses Pilate, telling Him the people's voice, with theirs, demands the death of Christ, and the crowd confirm this statement by their shouts. Pilate directs the escort to lead Christ down, and orders Barabbas to be brought from prison. "Barabbas must live!" proclaims the crowd. "Pronounce the sentence on the Nazarene." Pilate, astonished at the unanimous demand, tells his officers he cannot understand this people. "A few days ago, they attended this Man through Jerusalem with applause and joyful cries. How is it possible that this same people should to-day demand His death? This is contemptible fickleness."

Caiphas answers that the people have perceived that this adventurer deceived them. Nathaniel adds, that they see that He who promised freedom and salvation to the nations cannot help Himself. The crowd again clamour for His death. Pilate addresses them when the outcry ceases. "It is customary at the feast," he says, "to release a prisoner. Behold these men," he adds, pointing to Christ and to Barabbas, who has been led upon the stage, and now stands, with hands bound behind his back, beneath the balcony, opposite the Saviour—"behold these men," one of gentle countenance and dignified demeanour, a wise teacher whom you long have honoured, convicted of no wrong, who has already been subjected to chastisement; the other a thorough villain, a robber, murderer, and hateful savage. I appeal to your reason, to your manly feelings, as to which would you choose that I should deliver unto you, Barabbas or Christ?"

The appeal is futile. "Barabbas shall go free!" is the unanimous reply. Pilate now tries ridicule. "Will ye not," he asks, "that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" "Away with this Man," they answer, "and release Barabbas!" Caiphas reminds him of his promise to release whoever the people chose,

and Pilate sharply tells him, he is accustomed to keep his promises without being reminded of them, and again inquires of the crowd, "What, then, shall I do with the King of the Jews?" "Crucify Him!" is the answer shouted back. "What!" says Pilate, "shall I crucify your King?" "We have no King," they say, "but Cæsar." Pilate now speaks seriously, telling them he cannot sentence Christ, because he finds no cause of death in Him. He has been punished quite enough, he will now let Him go. The priests reply, that if he lets Christ go, he is not Cæsar's friend; whoever makes himself a King, rebels against the Emperor. Nathaniel argues, that if Christ escapes unpunished, He will sow still further the germs of rebellion, and the crowd cry out, it is the Governor's duty to remove Him from their midst. Caiphas says, that they have done their duty as subjects of the Emperor. If Pilate will not act on their complaint, then they are free from guilt, and he must answer for the consequences to the Emperor. The priests threaten they will carry the affair to Cæsar, and Ezechiel protests it will be heard of with astonishment at Rome, that Cæsar's Viceroy sheltered one who had been guilty of high treason, and whose death the people all desired. The crowd shout out, he must deliver Christ to death, or else there will be no rest in the land.

Pilate, standing erect and soldier-like upon the balcony, listens coolly to the torrent of denunciation poured from every side, and looks from one to another of the speakers as they address him. In reply to the last threat he inquires: "Why? What evil has He done? I cannot," he says, "and I dare not, condemn the innocent to death." Caiphas asks why he is so unwilling to condemn Christ, when lately, on account of a rebellious outcry, he allowed his soldiers to murder people without trial or sentence. This thrust strikes home, and Pilate winces under it. He fears the anger of the Emperor. All see his resolution has been shaken, and the crowd cry out that he dare not free this Man if he is a faithful servant of the Emperor. This implied condoning of treason and inconsistency gradually overcomes the resistance of Pilate. He says quickly to a servant: "Bring me some water." Caiphas declares the people will not move until the Governor condemns to death the enemy of Cæsar, and the people, with a shout, proclaim their determination to remain till their demand is granted. Meanwhile, the servant has brought some water in a basin, and then Pilate tells them, reluctantly, that they have

constrained him by their fury to consent to their desires. "Take ye Him," he says, "and crucify Him; but see," he tells them, rinsing his hands with the water in the basin, "I wash my hands—I am innocent of the blood of this just Man. See ye to it."

Then there goes up an awful shout from almost every voice upon the stage. "We take it on us; His blood be upon us and on our children." Pilate then directs that Barabbas be freed. "Now," says the crowd, applauding, "hast thou judged rightly." Pilate answers that, though he yielded to their desires, he will have no share in their blood-guiltiness. Again he tells them: "The blood of the innocent shall be on you and on your children." "It shall be on us," they say, "and on our children." Then they again applaud him, saying: "Long live Pontius Pilate." This does not appease the Governor, who directs two thieves and murderers to be brought for execution along with Christ, and the death-sentences to be written out. While the thieves, in bonds, are being brought on the stage, the scribe is busy engrossing the copy of the sentence, and as the thieves come forward, a priest points to them, saying: "These are fit companions for the false Messiah upon His journey to the Cross." The scribe now lifts the scroll, and Pilate stands forward on the balcony, facing the crowd at the summit of the steps. The scribe proceeds to read the sentence, and, the reading finished, Pilate says bitterly: "Now take ye Him, and crucify Him," and, breaking his staff in two, he hurls the fragments passionately down into the crowd, and turning, rushes through the door behind.

An exultant clamour rises from the mob, and Caiphas is beside himself with joy. It is his day of triumph, and he enjoys it. They shout and shout again with joy, and, eager with impatience to consummate the tragedy, carry their unresisting victim from off the stage. As the last of the vast crowd passes through the curtain closes, and the second portion of the play is at an end.

P. J. O'REILLY.

Dr. Liebermann of Mainz.

It got about somehow, no one knew how, in the house of the Jesuit Tertians of Notre Dame de Liesse, in the year 1853, that there was a romance in the life of one of the Fathers there assembled (a certain Alsatian whom we will call Père Müller), and that his vocation had something about it out of the common way.

For a long time our curiosity remained unsatisfied, until at length the mystery was revealed on the occasion of a certain most interesting exhortation given by the venerable Father Instructor on Isaias vi.: *Nomen tuum et memoriale tuum in desiderio animæ*—"The desire of our soul is to Thy Name, and to the remembrance of Thee." He adroitly turned the application of this text on the Holy Name of Jesus, to the courtesy and affability which priests should show to the world in which they move, if they would win that world to the love of the sweet Name of Jesus, and to His service. But, as it is usual in our houses to make a repetition of what has been heard from an instructor, when each had added his quota, it came to the turn of Père Müller to give his remarks. He said, "Affability and courtesy are sometimes more successful in drawing men to the faith, than are genius and versatility. I can cite an example of this, if I have permission, in order to show how Dr. Liebermann, the Jew of Mainz, was drawn into the Holy Church, and received by Dr. Liebermann, the well-known Catholic theologian. A certain priest, Father Wilhelm, related it to me, and I will, if you like, tell you textually what he said."

The Father Instructor assented, and said, *Nous vous écoutons, mon cher Père*—"We listen."

The following is the story:

When I was a young man of eighteen, my parents, very pious Catholics, but who retained the old German and patriarchal

authoritativeness about the settling their children in life, about choosing their vocation for them, and especially about their *marriages*, I found that they had destined me to marry the daughter of a certain good advocate of our town of Isneim, Herr Cornelius, Vorsprecher. There was nothing unusual or startling in this, and there were many advantages in the match to me; especially as Fräulein Doris Cornelius was as comely as she was intelligent, and as modest as she was *debonnaire*. Still, in a matter of such importance, I could not but feel that I ought to have "my say," for a mistake in marriage is like a mistake in the top line of a sum: work it as you will, it comes out hopelessly wrong. All other mistakes in life you can correct; everything else in existence can be remedied, save this.

Now Doris herself had often bantered me on my serious ways, and called me "Herr Priester." Whenever she caught me reading, she looked over my shoulder, and finding that the author was either an historian or a theologian, she would say, "Priesterthum, for thee! thou must take orders," or, "The gods have married pain and pleasure, if they have destined you to take a wife"—*Die Götter haben Leid und Freud an einander gebunden!*

These jokes made me pause. I said to myself, There may be something providential in this, out of the mouth of the very lady whom my parents have chosen for me. God help me, if in marrying I shall find that I have taken a wrong turning in life. If I make a mistake in one thing, I can rectify it by doing right about another. If one mine be unproductive, or one field barren, I can try for gold in some other direction. It is competent for me to turn up the sods of distant acres, and plant and reap there; but to find I have chosen wrongly marriage as my vocation, is as when a man discovers, just as his sun is close upon setting, that he has erred through life. There is no getting rid either of the spent existence, or of the lawful wife. The day is gone; the die is cast; the decision made beyond recall.

I find myself at a cross road and no signpost. *Cura animam divorce trahunt*, as Davus says in the *Adelphi*, of Terence—"I know what I will do, however, in this dilemma!" I will consult Dr. Liebermann, the good sensible priest of Mainz, who has formed all the young clergy about this country, and has decided many a wavering vocation, and many an

embarrassed mind. *Dictum factum!* I will take the diligence to-morrow as far as I can, and trudge the rest of the way, along the fair Rhine river into Mainz from Frankfort-on-Maine. Saul was looking for his father's asses, when he met Samuel, and got anointed at Zuph. He found not the animals either at Mount Ephraim, nor in the land of Salisa, but he found "God's will," and his own destiny, at Zuph. So like the son of Cis,¹ he started, did young Wilhelm, for Mainz, but as you shall see, instead of finding Dr. Liebermann, the theologian and confessor, he came upon Dr. Liebermann, the Hebrew professor and intelligent Jew, Rabbi of the Jews of Mainz.

I found [continued Père Wilhelm] that after all it was less easy to get to Treves, than to Frankfort. So from thence by the "Eilwagen" some fifteen miles, I got a lift through the circle of the lower Rhine, in order to have a good stretch after being cramped up in a *coupe*, along that part of the country which is rendered so picturesque by the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine. I wanted to be refreshed by grapes, culled in the best vineyards. The view of Mainz, too, from the south takes in the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, and all the regular buildings of the town, and I had been told that the three regular streets, which run parallel to each other from the banks of the Rhine to six hundred yards within the city, are cut almost regularly by very pretty cross streets, and are visible from a distance.

In the meantime I trudged along the banks of the great river of the fatherland—it was four o'clock a.m. I said my Rosary and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. I stopped under a tree, I remember, on which a little statue, gay with fresh flowers, stood in its niche. It was the statue of "Unsere Liebe Frau von Alt-otting." How the birds were waking the woods with their matins! How the fir, the larch, the birch, and the lime rendered the air fragrant with their incense! How all nature sung a hymn to God! I was then for the nonce to be the only intelligent interpreter to God of the orisons of His own creatures! As I stood leaning on a railing above the stream, pensively gazing at the clouds,

Swift sailing cloudlets
Borne by the breezes,

the first feathered seedlet of a resolution seemed to be wafted into my will, and turning once more to the statue of Alt-otting

¹ 1 Kings ix.

I distinctly remember the prayer of that morning. It was *Intellectum illumina! Affectum inflamma! et doce me scire et facere voluntatem tuam Domine!*—"Enlighten my understanding! inflame my will! Teach me to know and do Thy will, O God!" Do this, and I may perhaps by-and-bye offer you a better and holier sacrifice, than that which the mute music of nature offers to thee unconsciously.

I arose from my knees, and in two hours' time I was in the market-place, crowded and busy, of Mainz.

A day's journey may sometimes be fraught with more adventures than would enliven a story of a tour round the world. There are stirring periods when events which influence our whole after-life, accumulate or impinge, just as there are great moral crises when ideas flock to the brain, and the will finds itself obliged to make a choice. Simple incidents bring about catastrophes; and, in the course of every-day life, it is often difficult to distinguish the concordance of events simultaneously occurring at distant points. The young Herr Wilhelm starts for Mainz, at the same time that in Mainz an inquiring and pious soul is (unknown to the young man) awaiting his arrival that a similar conscientious difficulty may somehow be settled which is pressing on his mind, as Wilhelm's difficulty is to be settled too. Neither of these persons know of the existence of the other. At five o'clock on that bright April morning, did either of them guess that before five on that afternoon a moral crisis would come to them, and that all their future existence would be tinged by the glow of that April sunset? As Philip leaves Jerusalem to go south towards Gaza, an Ethiopian noble of Queen Candace is coming north. They meet, they discuss; all difficulty is removed, and the Eunuch is baptized, and made a Christian. Was this chance, or accident? No, an angel bid Philip to go to Gaza.¹

There is a blind man praying in Damascus, A.D. 30. His name is Saul. It is three days since he was struck blind. A Christian disciple named Ananias goes to the house in Straight Street, not known to the person of Saul of Tarsus. He had heard of him, but never seen him. Do they meet accidentally? No, an angelic voice had whispered in the visions of the night to the disciple. "Go to him, lay thy hands on him. He hath seen thee, Ananias, in a vision." And Saul of Tarsus is healed, baptized, and the world has the great Apostle,

¹ Acts viii. 26.

an elect of God, and a martyr. And yet people say: "Oh! I will accept of Providence which arranges the great events in the universe, but I cannot admit a special Providence over each individual." Foolish reasoning! There may be a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow; and God, to bring about the greater event, uses often the smallest means—*minimo mezzo*!

When Herr Wilhelm got into the town, it was as bright a dawn as ever opened out on fair Mainz. The brightness of the day attuned itself to the feelings of the young man, and awakened hope and confidence. Gloomy days in a strange place accord with the sorrows of those whose fate is going to be decided, tragically. It was not a damp day thick with fog that hangs round shop windows, which clings to the muddy, greasy pavement, surrounds foot-passengers, filters into every narrow lane, fills the courtyard, hides chimneys and roofs behind its thick yellow clouds, and throws over awakening Mainz a veil of discomfort and weariness. It was one of those bright days in youth, so few, so enlivening, that makes "the bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne," as it did in Romeo. The great market-place, the Stadt-hause, the shops filled with peasants and merchants, and the big grand cathedral in the background, were all instinct with busy life, when our young man asked his way of a *facteur des postes*, who trotted along as postmen do all the world over, with a kind of slouching gait.

"Do you know the name of Dr. Liebermann, his street, and number?"

"Certainly, mine Herr; turn round the second corner, and pass through the Juden Strasse, it is on the first floor, number six."

The poor young man searched in vain, and came back to the fountain in the market from whence he first inquired his way. For, in the midst of the market of Mainz, stands the wondrous fountain. This old fountain, which has been sketched a hundred times, is a characteristic example of a certain school of renaissance work. The fantastic agglomeration of corrupt ornament which forms the terminal of the triangular erection over the fountain, is certainly in very coarse taste; yet there is a kind of power about its very exuberance which to some extent atones for the bad character of the detail. Three different saintly bishops stand in their three niches above; and, high above them, stands on the apex "The Immaculate." Under the

volutes which project is a series of baronial scudi flanked by angels also holding shields. Over the frieze is a pious inscription of the noble donor Albert, and below, covered over, is a deep well. Hither come, morning, noon, and night, the peasants of the market, that they may freshen up in the sculptured stoup beneath, their lettuces, their flowers, and their wealth of vegetables. Here, amidst them on the second step, stood Herr Wilhelm, utterly at a loss, from threading the streets around the Platz, and once more he asked his way. The noise and the chaffering of market-women, made it difficult to get at their reply ; but the only Dr. Liebermann they had ever heard of, lived in the very block which he had left in despair. At last, he retraced his steps, and stumbled on a German Jew, selling Christian objects of piety. He had *les méraux de pèlerins*, crosses, leaden Madonnas of Einsiedeln and of Alt-otten. He was not the first Jew who traded on Catholic piety, and made a good thing of the trade. There is scarce a Jew pawnbroker in London, Bristol, or Liverpool, let alone Mainz, who has not Protestant Bibles in his window, and pious objects in silver, and rosaries in agate, to tempt the Christian wayfarer withal. This man knew every turn and winding which brought them to a big house in a retired court. It had once been the schloss of an old baron or burgher of Mainz, and was as full as a warren of different habitations, with their lodgers.

At length, on a small brass plate appeared the name of "Liebermann," and on the door-post also a small tin case, containing a slip of parchment on which some Hebrew word was inscribed : "It was the Holy Name of Jehovah." The bell was answered by the Rabbi himself, wearing a curious black cassock and a velvet-cap, from which his silver hair escaped, and encircled the forehead and neck of the man. His reception was at once cordial and unaffected, and the tone with which he asked, "In what can I be of service to you, my young friend ?" set Wilhelm at his ease, and yet surprised him.

"I was looking for the Rev. Dr. Liebermann, the theologian," said he.

"I am called Dr. Liebermann," said the Jew, "but I am not he whom you seek. You will have to walk a mile, quite to the outskirts of Mainz, to find him. But if you will accept me for your guide, I will be ready when I have fetched my hat and stick."

"I have long wished to make your Professor's acquaintance, but I have not had the chance until this day. I once went to the Jesuit church to find a Father, but the priest who now is *parochus* of that beautiful church, dismissed me rather curtly, or perhaps was not learned enough to inform me on some points upon which I was in doubt. It had always struck me that the Great Victim whom you believe, and I trust, to be the Messiah, did not adequately fulfil the great God-instituted sacrifice, when He slew the paschal lamb, which in all the Jewish economy is the ripest and the most certain institution of God Himself. I said to myself, 'There must be a perpetuation of the paschal sacrifice. Christ's Death taken alone, does not either in time, place, or circumstance, cover and fulfil all the details of what I conceive to be the proper fulfilment of our great Sacrifice.' In a word, I sought for your Mass. It is the Holy Mass, a feast upon a commemorative Sacrifice, instituted before the actual delivery from our bondage, which alone adequately typifies the world-wide and eternal delivery from the thralldom of sin. The parish priest, though a sincere and good man, simply gave me a Bellarmine's Catechism, and told me to work out the problem for myself."

Much more, in the same strain, did Dr. Liebermann pour forth into the astonished ear of the young Wilhelm, astonished indeed at hearing the simple Catholic truth so treated *d'une manière bien nette par un Juif*.

They arrived at the Professor's house.

The mutual recognition of the two Liebermanns was touching and cordial to a degree. In one word, the Rabbi was as amiably received, as he had amiably brought on the young man to his mentor. In another word, it all ended eventually in the reception into the One Fold and obedience to Rome of the Jew, and of the clear knowledge of God's will, and of his vocation to the priesthood, of Herr Wilhelm. A lasting friendship was begun between the three; and of course, on his return to Isneim, the news startled the parents of the young man, but did not surprise Doris Cornelius, the Advocate's daughter.

"Did not I tell thee so?" said that young lady.

"Il n'y avait pas question de noces, ni de mariage—il s'agissait de votre Prêtrise, mon ami."

"Surprise is an affection of the mind arising from imperfect

knowledge. But I was so convinced, that there was the 'type sacerdotal' in thee, that my knowledge of thy true vocation causes me no surprise; as a gage of my assurance, I have been working this purple and white stole. It is for thee, Wilhelm," she said, taking from a drawer in her bureau the emblem of the sacred ministry. "Give me in return the betrothal-ring which you had destined for me. I will offer it at Alt-otting, and it shall be hung round the neck of Unsere Liebe Frau, when I make my yearly pilgrimage to Bavaria after Easter."

When this story was concluded, the venerable Father Instructor said: "I strongly suspect, mon cher Père, that that is your own romance, *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*."

So indeed thought all the Tertian Fathers.

It was in this wise that it got about in our house at Liesse, that there was an interesting idyll in the life of one of "Ours." I reveal no secrets; but I endorse the conclusion.

I. GRANT, S.J.

The Phenomena of Hypnosis.

PART THE SECOND.

IN a former paper a brief account was given of those facts of hypnotism which depend on mere physical conditions, and in which suggestion plays little or no part. The present essay will take a short review of those more curious phenomena which depend on the communication to the subject by words, signs, or otherwise of some mental impression; and the results which flow from such communications or *suggestions*. These experiments are of the greatest interest for the psychologist, for they open up quite a new sphere of experimental research; and supply, not only a test for many of his theories, but also the necessary facts on which to build new ones.

When considering the various processes of hypnotism, we saw that the percentage of persons who are at all susceptible to its influence does not exceed thirty, and of these only fifteen can be brought into the state of somnambulism, the condition *sine quâ non* for suggestion. In the states of artificial lethargy and catalepsy the sensibility is blunted; in the former it is practically extinguished, in the latter, as the muscular sense retains its activity, we have a species of suggestion which, however, would more fittingly be classed as a sort of automatism, as it would be hardly correct to consider it as involving a transfer of a mental impression. On the other hand, in the state of artificial somnambulism we have every favourable condition present, for then, as we have seen, the sensibility of the subject becomes exceedingly keen. Of those who can reach this state it is estimated that but very few are perfectly responsive; Dr. Paul Marin states that only five per cent. of subjects are at all amenable to any form, even the very simplest, of suggestion, and only two per cent. are perfectly plastic; and this estimate, small though it is, is in all likelihood too large. This two per cent. is composed, as an almost invariable rule, of

those who either suffer from some nervous disorder, or are of a more than usually high-strung nervous temperament. The limited number of such persons is a fact of the greatest importance in considering the legal aspects of hypnotism, as it clearly indicates that the dangers arising from an improper use of the power of suggestion have been rather exaggerated. As almost all those subjects on whom the more difficult experiments have been tried have gone through a prolonged course of hypnotism, and as success is scarcely ever attained at the first attempt, we can readily see that the opportunities offered to the commission of crime are but slight.

The enormous variety which we find in the facts of this branch of the phenomena of hypnosis renders a division of them convenient, and perhaps the most suitable one we can take is that which divides suggestions into those of sensations (including hallucinations), simple movements, and complex acts. This division has been adopted by M. Paul Janet. In most persons at all sensitive to hypnotic suggestion the two former classes usually appear, but the more perfect forms of hallucinations and complex movements only in a very few. The negations of sensation and motion which constitute the various species of paralysis and anæsthesia producible in suitable subjects also fall naturally under this classification.

Of the three classes the first is perhaps the most remarkable; the phenomena belonging to it are at times so startling in character as to render belief well-nigh impossible, were not the facts authenticated by observers whose scientific acumen is as far beyond all question as their good faith is beyond all doubt. In most cases hallucinations are produced with comparative ease. The operator has but to tell the subject that some person in the room has his face terribly distorted, or that he has a silver nose, to awaken the keenest interest in the new sight which the suggestion has opened up to the astonished patient. The patient, too, at the word of the operator, hears voices addressing him in terms of insult or praise; he devours with the greatest relish pieces of paper when told that they are cakes, and gets very sick when informed that he has taken an emetic. When a bottle of ammonia is held under his nose, and at the same time he is told that it is a bottle of perfume, he does not manifest the slightest inconvenience, but seems rather to enjoy it. He grows hungry and thirsty at command, and is quite overcome by the weight of some light article. These

sensations of hunger, thirst, and fatigue are as readily obliterated as caused. All the wild fancies of the madman can be made to appear in the hypnotized subject; he is made of glass, and is terrified if one touches him, he forgets his age, social position, nationality, sex, the clothes he has on, and all his surroundings. M. Ch. Richet relates a case where the subject's consciousness was so profoundly altered in one of his patients, a respectable matron, that she was in succession a rough countrywoman, an actress, a general on the field of battle, and finally, Archbishop of Paris. Each of these widely differing characters she sustained with the greatest verve and naturalness. At La Salpêtrière a patient was told that she had become M. F——, one of the doctors of the hospital. On awaking she was unable to see M. F——, who was present, imitated his manner closely, and when asked did she know X—— (herself), replied, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, yes, an hysterical patient. What do you think of her? She is not too wise."

The dual nature of the brain is shown in several of these experiments. Dumontpallier told a subject that there was a portrait on a blank sheet of paper, and opening the right eye only said, "You see this portrait?" He then closed that eye and opened the left, with the words, "You no longer see anything." On awaking, the subject saw the suggested portrait with the right eye, while for the left the paper remained blank. In the right ear of another he whispered that it was a bright sunshiny day, and his assistant whispered in the left that it was raining; the expression on the right side of the face was smiling, on the left annoyance was shown by a down-drawn lip.

Visual hallucinations have a peculiarly persistent localization. An imaginary portrait is always seen on the same side of the piece of cardboard, and if the card is turned upside down the subject always restores it to the correct position. Charcot told one of his subjects that there was a portrait on a blank card, and then placed it among a bundle of precisely similar ones; the subject never failed to pick it out from the rest when directed to remove the portrait from the bundle. These hallucinations are effected in precisely the same manner as genuine images when lenses or prisms are interposed. In the case of a prism the deviation produced corresponds exactly with the calculated position of a genuine image, and with a lens the degree of magnification or diminution is the same as with a real object. When the suggested object is a coloured one, and

a sheet of coloured glass is interposed, the resultant colour is in strict accord with the laws of chromatic combination. Should the suggested colour be rather brilliant, and the subject be directed to look at some white surface, he will see the complementary colour, it may be a little faint, but still the true complementary colour. These and many similar experiments go to show that these visual hallucinations are formed in the same portions of the brain as genuine images, and that with these pseudo-images the impressions of the real objects looked at are so closely associated that, when they reach the sensorium, they do not generate their own proper images, but produce the hallucinations to which they are allied. The object is unperceived, and in its stead is the suggested apparition; but so closely are they linked that changes in the position of the unperceived object affect in like manner the apparent place, size, &c., of the hallucination, as appears in a case related by MM. Binet and Féré. On one occasion they pointed out a certain gentleman to one of their subjects, saying, "Do you see that person? She is a nurse, carrying an infant." The hallucination persisted after waking, and the subject looked at the nurse and child with feminine curiosity. Strangely enough, on watching the gentleman's gestures she ascribed them to the nurse, and the real and the imaginary were so closely blended that, when he raised his hands, she said angrily, "Wretched woman, is that the way to carry an infant? Do you wish to kill it?"

The negation of sensation, or anæsthesia of the different senses, can be as readily produced. In suitable subjects, insensibility to pain is so easily procured that it has been proposed to employ hypnotism as a convenient anæsthetic in surgery, as the most painful operations have repeatedly been performed while the patient was completely unconscious of any pain. There are, however, many objections to any extended use of hypnotism for this purpose, as in the first place the number of suitable persons is limited, and the production of insensibility is thus rendered uncertain, to say nothing of the special dangers to the nervous system which hypnotism presents. The other senses are as readily affected as the sense of touch; there are instances where total blindness has been induced, and the subject has been rendered so deaf as to be quite unaffected by the crash of a Chinese gong, which in the normal state would be sufficient to throw him into a state of catalepsy. These

experiments on the total suppression of one of the senses have been found to be somewhat dangerous, as it is often difficult to restore sensation again. Anæsthesia by suggestion can be limited to some specific object, and some very curious results have been obtained in this way. One definite object or person can be rendered quite invisible to the hypnotized patient. At La Salpêtrière a patient was informed that on her awaking she would be unable to see M. F——, a gentleman present. When she awoke she gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, and when he stood in her way seemed greatly surprised at knocking up against him. A hat was shown to her and placed on his head; she was astonished to see it suspended in the air, and got up on a chair to see where the string was. She manifested similar surprise when a cloak was put round the invisible M. F——, and when he stood between her and the door, maintained that she saw its handle and endeavoured to take hold of it, thus evidently creating a hallucination to fill up the gap. When the others stood behind M. F——, she insisted that she saw them, but, of course, was quite unable to accurately describe their gestures. Another patient had certain well-defined zones on her body, pressure on which brought about a strong attack of hysteria. One of the operators was rendered invisible by suggestion, and then put strong pressure on these zones, but the subject was quite unaffected, showing that in her case anæsthesia with regard to a definite object was not limited to the sense of sight.

The production of simple movements, and their inhibition, are among the most elementary phenomena of somnambulism. The subject is assured that he cannot open his eyes, or clench his fist. He is told to twirl his thumbs, and is then assured that he cannot cease doing so; he tries, by bringing them together, to stop the motion, but quite in vain. With nearly all these simple suggestions succeed, and there is practically no resistance. It is very different, however, in the case of the more complex movements, and a long course of repeated hypnotizings is necessary to secure their successful performance. In cases of confirmed and prolonged hypnosis, the accuracy with which a suggestion is carried out, and the absolute automatic obedience of the subject, are alike astonishing. Nor is this obedience unintelligent, the subject often carefully plans the mode in which the command is to be executed.

Like anæsthesia, the negation of sensation, motor paralysis,

the negation of movement, can be induced in the hypnotic patient. Any of his limbs may be rendered paralyzed, or even the entire half of his body; he may be afflicted with total or partial aphasia, or loss of speech, or he may be rendered incapable of writing certain words or letters at the mere command of the operator. A curious case of suggested paralysis is related by MM. Binet and Féré. The right arm of one of their patients had been paralyzed by suggestion, and it was observed that complete aphasia accompanied the paralysis. The nervous disturbance set up by the suggestion in this instance did not confine itself to the brain centres governing the movements of the arm, but spread over the neighbouring centres of articulate speech as well.

In regarding suggestions of complex acts, it is convenient to take into consideration the periods at which they are made and executed. On this scheme we may divide these suggestions into those made during the hypnotic sleep and carried out during its continuance, those made during the sleep but performed after waking, and those in which suggestion and performance are both achieved in the waking state. Hallucinations, paralysis, and simple movements come within a similar order, but the time relation is more remarkable in the case of complex acts, and for this reason its consideration has been deferred until we come to treat of these latter.

As has been said already, there are but very few subjects with whom these experiments are successful, and where the interval between the order and the execution is considerable, the chances of success are enormously decreased. A permanent form of hypnosis, or hypnotic habit, is an essential requisite for success in the more delicate experiments. The first class of suggestions, those made and executed during the trance, do not present much difficulty, and the subjects as a general rule are like wax in the hypnotizer's hands. M. Bernheim said to one of his subjects, that a person standing at one of the doors of the room had insulted him; the person, it is needless to say, being purely imaginary. "I gave him a paper-cutter as a dagger, and bade him kill him. He made a rush at the door, and struck it resolutely with the dagger. He then stopped, his look grew haggard, and he trembled in every limb. 'What have you done, wretched man? He is dead! look at the blood! Here are the police.' He is struck with terror. We bring him before the examining magistrate, the resident pupil. 'Why did you

kill this man?' 'He insulted me.' 'We do not kill men who insult us. You ought to have complained to the police. Did any one tell you to kill him?' He answered, 'Yes. M. Bernheim.' I said to him, 'They are going to take you before the Procureur. You alone have killed this man; you have acted of your own accord, I have told you nothing.' He is brought before the house-surgeon, who played the part of Procureur. 'Why did you kill this man?' 'He insulted me.' 'That is strange. It is not usual to reply to an insult with a dagger-thrust! Was your mind quite sound? They say your brain is sometimes a trifle deranged.' 'No, sir.' 'You are said to be subject to fits of somnambulism. Can it not be that you were subject to some impulse, to the influence of some person who made you do this?' 'No, sir; I alone did it of my own accord, because he insulted me.' 'Now think again, for your life is at stake. Tell me frankly all about it, for your own sake. You told the examining magistrate that M. Bernheim suggested the idea of killing this man to you.' 'No, sir. I alone had anything to do with it.' 'You are well acquainted with M. Bernheim, you go to the hospital, and he puts you to sleep there.' 'I know M. Bernheim only because he treats me at the hospital with electricity to cure the nervous disease I suffer from, beyond that I do not know him. I cannot say that he told me to kill this man, for he told me nothing.' The supposed Procureur could not tear the truth from him, since the truth for him was my last suggestion: that he had acted of his own accord. When he was awakened, he thought that he had slept peacefully on his chair, and had not the slightest recollection of the drama in which he had played the principal part."

The possibilities of crime shown in this narrative are not so startling as would appear at first sight. It would be exceedingly rash to conclude that what under very carefully regulated conditions was a success, would be so under ordinary circumstances. The very slight disturbance requisite to waken a somnambulist—a mere breathing on the face is often sufficient—would put an end to almost every criminal attempt. The appearance also of the hypnotized subject would be almost certain to attract attention, and lead to his being awakened; and thus this first class of hypnotic suggestion is not of such importance from the point of view of medical jurisprudence as the two others, in which the dangers of false testimony and crime are much greater.

Although on returning to his normal state the hypnotic patient recovers to a great extent the normal use of his faculties, yet in many cases the operations to which he has been submitted leave profound traces. The peculiar wrench which has been given to his nervous organism not alone survives in the increased readiness with which he submits to further hypnotizings, but the suggestions themselves remain when the subject is assured that they will continue in the waking state. A good instance of this is related by M. Bernheim: "I suggest to Cl— during the hypnotic sleep that on awaking he will see M. St.—, one of our *confrères* present, with his face shaved on one side and an immense silver nose. When awake, he chanced to look at our *confrère*, and burst out laughing. 'You must have made some bet,' he exclaimed; 'you have shaved yourself on one side! And what a nose! Were you at the Invalides?'" Such hallucinations are comparatively harmless and perhaps of but a scientific interest; yet the experiments of M. Bernheim show us also that in this class of suggestion there are almost infinite possibilities of procuring false testimony. To one of his patients he suggested that she had seen four months and a half previously a terrible crime committed in the house where she lived. Three days after she was questioned by one of the resident pupils, who played the part of the examining magistrate, and related to him the entire affair in all its details, describing the victim and the criminal with the greatest exactness. She was prepared to swear to all her statements, and her testimony could not be shaken. The commission of a theft or other crime can be induced in a like manner but far less readily, as the subject, if an habitually honest and upright person, can often offer an insuperable resistance to the earlier attempts at such suggestion, and to render him docile a prolonged series of trials are necessary. This possibility of resistance puts a decided limit to suggested crimes. These stable forms of suggestion constitute a species of what we may term infused habit, and as such are only capable of taking root in a suitable soil, previous habits to the contrary neutralizing, or, at any rate, diminishing, their effects. M. Brouardel states in this context that, "if a person whom the somnambulist likes offers to her agreeable or indifferent suggestions, she submits; but to those which put in revolt her personal affections or instincts, she will offer an almost invincible opposition. You can easily get her to sign a cheque for five hundred francs after a few attempts; but you cannot

get a modest woman to do anything contrary to modesty. You can overcome her resistance in the making of her will, but you cannot obtain from a woman the bracelet she got from her lover."

A very great lapse of time may take place between the suggestion and the execution of the act. M. Bernheim gives an instance of the realization of a suggestion at the end of sixty-three days; Dr. Beaunis tells of one where the interval was one hundred and seventy-two days; and a whole year elapsed in one experiment of M. Liégeois. In each case the act or hallucination was of an exceedingly complex character, and it was observed that between the two dates the subject was quite unconscious of the suggestion. The permanence of these post-hypnotic suggestions does not extend to isolated acts alone; a series of similar acts can be induced, or, in other words, a habit formed. Some curious experiments in this direction have been tried in France. At La Salpêtrière, Dr. Aug. Voisin cured a patient of a habit of frightful language, and of an almost maniacal hatred of her sisters, by the regular suggestion of acts of an opposite nature. Dr. Liébault transformed an incurably idle boy into a model of industry by a similar method; and succeeded in making an idiot learn the alphabet and the four rules of arithmetic in a couple of months by repeatedly suggesting acts of attention. These successes go to show that hypnotism has placed within our reach a very potent means of moulding the character, a means which the pedagogy of the future may turn to some use. As, however, hypnotism is in itself a species of nervous disorder, it is needless to say that its use as an educational power should be of the most prudent description. Its unnecessary employment would be little short of a crime, like a foolhardy use of deadly drugs; yet as there are occasions when the physician will not hesitate to exhibit these poisons, there are circumstances when hypnotic suggestion may be of vital service. In the offspring of the criminal population, of drunken and vicious parents, there is often, from heredity, an almost irresistible tendency to vice. Here the usual methods of education, intended for those of sound and healthy nature, are quite useless; for in these poor victims of their parents' sins we have an hereditary vicious habit, a brain disease which makes them pariahs. In many cases, too, of acquired vices the force of habit has become a form of mania which sweeps away all power of resistance, as is often seen in cases of advanced liquor

habit. In such instances as these can we confidently assert that the employment of hypnotic suggestion is immoral, granted that all other means have failed and that there is a fair prospect of success?

The remarkable nature of the nervous disturbance involved in hypnosis, is most strongly shown in the influence of suggestion on those functions which are not subject to the will, the functions of circulation, nutrition, &c. M. Focachon succeeded in altering the rate of movement of the heart, at one time causing it to slacken by six beats per minute, and at another to quicken by as much as twenty beats. The same experimenter placed a piece of gum-paper on the back of a subject in such a position as to be out of reach of her hands; and told her that it was a blister. Within twenty-four hours the surface of the skin beneath the paper was found to present all the appearance of a well-formed blister. The inverse of the experiment was then tried, and blistering fluid applied to two distinct portions of the body, the subject being told that one of these applications would produce no effect. On examination ten hours later, it was seen that the surface mentioned in the suggestion was not affected, although the second surface showed all the usual effect of the vesicant. MM. Bourru and Burot on one occasion traced a word on the arm of a hypnotized subject with a blunt probe, and told him that at four o'clock in the afternoon he would fall asleep, and that blood would issue from his arm on the lines traced by the probe. At the hour named the patient slept, the letters stood out on his arm in bright red, and minute drops of blood were observed on the surface. The same patient, as M. Mabile testifies, during a spontaneous attack of hysteria, commanded his arm to bleed, and soon after the cutaneous hæmorrhage just described made its appearance.

Although the most remarkable experiments in suggestion have been made on hypnotized subjects, it would be a mistake to suppose that the presence of this artificial neurose is a condition *sine quâ non* for success. On suitable patients, who as a rule had been either repeatedly hypnotized previously, and had thus contracted a hypnotic habit, or were suffering from hysteria, or some permanent form of nervous disease, many of these experiments have been successfully performed in the waking state. MM. Bernheim, Richet, Bottey, Dumontpallier, Brémaud and others, have over and over again suc-

ceeded in producing anæsthesia, paralysis, simple movements, and even complex acts by suggestion in the waking state. The physical condition of the subjects on whom they tried these experiments brings into clearer light the analogy, so strongly insisted on by the school of La Salpêtrière, which exists between hypnosis and a true form of nervous disease like hysteria. Similarity in result points to similarity in cause, and as the presence of a genuine neurose is productive of results closely analogous to those obtained by hypnosis, we cannot safely reject the conclusion that the latter is an artificial disease of the nerves.

The modes in which suggestions can be conveyed to the subject are practically unlimited. The most usual way, of course, is by verbal direction, but they have also been given by letter, by telephone, or it may be by phonograph. The possibility of achieving success by mental suggestion alone has been much canvassed. Numerous attempts have been made to transfer impressions without contact, or communication by signs of any kind, but the results cannot be said to be decisive. M. Ch. Richet, in a very large series of experiments made with one of his subjects to ascertain if it were possible to hypnotize a person when out of sight, and at a considerable distance, obtained out of thirty-five attempts fairly satisfactory results in sixteen cases; but as these experiments were tried with only one subject, this proportion of success hardly warrants us in assenting to the thesis. The most numerous experiments in this matter of thought-transference, as it is sometimes called, have been made under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, and some of their results are rather startling in character, but the correspondence between the experiments and the results obtained is not of sufficient closeness to exclude all prudent doubt.

In considering hypnotism in relation to the public welfare, more particularly in the wisdom of permitting public exhibitions to be given of its striking phenomena, and taking into account the results obtained by the great schools of Paris and Nancy, we are driven towards the conclusion that it would be a mistake to assume that the chief dangers of hypnotism lie in the opportunities it presents to the criminal, for, as we have seen, the conditions required for success are so complex that this possibility of crime but seldom becomes a probability. The real risks are in the nature of hypnosis itself. All its

phenomena indicate its nature as a true nervous disease, and in several cases it has been shown to have, like hysteria, a tendency to spread as if it were contagious. The testimony of M. Charcot to the possibility of an epidemic of hypnosis is very explicit; in a letter to an Italian physician, Dr. Melotti, he says: "Hypnotism is not as harmless as is usually thought; it is a state so analogous to hysteria that in certain circumstances it can become like it freely contagious." This danger alike to subject and bystanders of hysterical temperament is so clearly felt in several of the continental states that only qualified physicians are permitted to make experiments in hypnotism. In this country also the medical faculty are beginning to recognize the dangers of public exhibitions of hypnotism. At a recent meeting of the Psychological Section of the British Medical Association, several of the eminent physicians who took part in the discussion on hypnotism, commented with great but justifiable severity on the disgusting and dangerous character of these public displays. It would certainly appear from their strictures that the time has come when legislative interference with this indiscriminate right to practise hypnotism is imperatively demanded.

This necessarily brief review of the chief phenomena which hypnotism presents for our consideration, will serve to give some idea of the interest it possesses for all who are, directly or indirectly, concerned with the study of the human mind. The modes of investigation it supplies, the problems it suggests, are all of the very highest import. To the physician engaged in the study of mental disease or obscure nervous complaints, to the jurist estimating responsibility in criminal offences, to the moralist seeking to discover the springs of human action, the results derived from this study are alike invaluable. We have seen from what a state of disrepute and charlatanry it has emerged only within our own time; and when a branch of science has shown itself so prolific even in its infancy, what may we not expect from it when it has grown to manhood.

If one might be permitted to conclude an article like this with a piece of practical advice, there would be a strong temptation to copy a famous admonition, and say to those about to hypnotize, "Don't." Save in the hands of duly qualified operators, and but very few can attain that position, attempts at hypnotism are nothing short of criminal as necessarily involving a terrible disturbance of the whole nervous

system, a disturbance which can extend to all the faculties. No sane person would dream of administering opium or aconite or any other potent drug for the mere purpose of satisfying an idle curiosity; much less would any one imbibe these drugs from such a motive. Yet at public exhibitions of mesmerism many persons have no scruple in submitting themselves for experiment without a thought of the possible injury which may accrue to them. To those about to get hypnotized we would still more emphatically say, "Don't."

J. F. W. H.

A Pyrenean Shrine.

THERE are not many English or "stranger" inhabitants in Bagnères de Bigorre; *ma blanche ville de Bagnères*, as its Bishop, the present occupant of the episcopal see of Tarbes, so fondly calls it, dwelling on the days when he, as one of its parish priests, passed daily along its clean, flat, well-kept streets, with the inevitable stream of running water which divides footpath from roadway everywhere, serving alike for drainage and washing purposes to the inhabitants, and making their town perhaps the best drained, wholesomest residence in all the south of France. And, the tourist season not extending to the wintry month of March, there are probably few, except of genuine townspeople, who have chanced to find themselves passing along the road to Campan on the 25th of that month, the feast of the Annunciation, on any year up to the present one. We will suppose, however, that we have so chanced to find ourselves in Lenten time strayed hither, southward, yet close among the snows, in the keen, bright, clear air of a Pyrenean valley; and that its white clothed mountain-sides and quiet roads have become familiar to us, not in the hasty glance of busy tourist-hood, but in the slow, familiar homeliness of daily life.

It is, then, March 25, 1890, a feast than which few can be greater, yet in unhappy France no longer a day of obligation as of old. Whether by chance or of set purpose, we find ourselves leaving the town in early afternoon, passing out in a southerly direction, and leaving to our right the famous Allées Maintenon, where it is said that Madame de Maintenon loved to walk, during her sojourn at Bagnères, and where possibly she may have composed, as she paced up and down its leafy recesses, some of her famous letters on the education of youth. The solitary wanderer may still, if bent on retracing the footsteps of centuries-past pilgrims to an ancient shrine close by, that of Notre Dame de Médoux, wend his way to

all that is left of its site along those well-worn paths, but we, following the multitude of to-day, advance along the straight hard road which, with hardly a bend, cuts its white way along the valley, on between high snow-capped mountains, through village after village in whose narrow streets the sun rarely, or only for a brief while in winter, can find space for sunshine to rest, while the mountains close in, nearer and nearer as we go on, and colder and more sunless grows the green valley between.

As we emerge from the clustering houses of the town, and pass the unpretending wall and gateway behind which once rose the chapel and monastery of Médoux, we are struck by the unusual number of people, and still more of children, who are taking the same road as ourselves. Group after group, family parties of all classes, children of every age, from the fat rosy infant in arms to its big brother or sister heading the procession, nurses with ribboned cap and white apron and sleeves, perambulators with their full complement of little ones; here a mechanic with his youngest born in his arms, there a peasant mother with her little ones clinging to her skirts; gradually it must dawn on the most absent-minded of *flâneurs* that our quiet roads are not wont to be invaded by so motley a crowd. Where go they? Not to Campan, the principal village hereabouts, whence comes the famous butter with which its name is associated; not down the valley at all, for here across a narrow bridge they all cross the rapid, tumbling stream, and proceed westwards across, instead of along, the valley. If you ask any one among the merry chattering groups of people, most of whom, as we now notice, carry either long paper parcels, or a single tall white *cierge* in their hands, they will probably stare back in amazement at your ignorance: *Mais, c'est la fête d'Asté!* So we follow the *cierges*, and along a winding, narrow road, come ere long to the quaint, small village of that name. It is, like all these Pyrenean villages, composed of three or four very narrow, crooked, straggling streets, each bordered with its accompanying streamlet (we cannot call them gutters, for the word seems to imply dirt, and these are bright, clear, sparkling waters) running down from the mountains and the melting snow. The family wash, from each doorway, is conducted therein, and so is the weekly carrot-washing which takes place the day before every *grand marché* in the neighbouring town of Tarbes. It is quaint and

interesting to pass through Asté on the "carrot-days," as we call them, where the sides of the streets are lined and heaped high with piles of red carrots, and men and women crouch beside the stream, busily engaged in washing the same. Asté is famous for its carrots, as Campan for its butter, and both towns, Tarbes and Bagnères, reap large harvests of singularly fine sweet carrots from this source. Another produce of Asté, or rather of the village which serves as *depôt* for the surrounding woods, is firewood. Every second house has wood for sale, stacked in piles, under sheds or out in the open air, ready for use. Altogether Asté is a not unimportant little place, quite apart from its religious advantages. What they are, we shall see presently.

We enter the little church, a plain stone building with neat side-chapels and a quaint graveyard beyond; and lo! the whole church is filled to overflowing with—babies! Babies crying, babies cooing, older children fidgetting or peeping round, mothers praying, and hushing their infants; it is like one big overgrown nursery, that is, if you have been fortunate enough to edge your way in at all, and have not found yourself reduced, like all those late comers whom we passed on the way, to sit *outside* the sacred portals, after vain tip-toed attempts to catch a glimpse of more fortunate ones within.

High over the high altar, surrounded with burning lights innumerable, a very constellation of twinkling stars, rises the tall graceful marble statue of Notre Dame d'Asté, the Madonna of Médoux. It is not one of the half-blackened and defaced images one so frequently meets with in foreign churches, especially those of "miraculous" origin or fame. In fact so modern, so artistic-looking is the statue, that on our first visit to the shrine we hunted in vain round the church for one of the usual age-defaced and blackened images which one is accustomed to find in such shrines, and could scarcely believe that the graceful marble Virgin surmounting the high altar was indeed the Madonna of Asté. Yet so it is, and Médoux was a shrine of pilgrimage long centuries ago, ere "Mary, weeping over France," had shown herself on the heights of La Salette, ere Mary de l'*Immaculée Conception* had called on the child Bernadette and on her country to do penance, in the neighbouring village—only across yonder not far-distant mountains—of Lourdes.

It is said that it was because this province of Bigorre was in old times so fearfully overrun with heresy, in the times

of Jeanne d'Albret and her Huguenots, of Montgomery and his savage soldiery, that there are so many shrines of renown scattered here and there among the wild fastnesses of the Pyrénées. There is Notre Dame de Garaison in the lands of Magnoac, Notre Dame de Nouillan in the Neste valley, Notre Dame de Bourisp at Aure, Notre Dame de Héas far up in almost inaccessible fastnesses above Luz, Notre Dame de Betharram along the plain near Pau, and lastly this our Notre Dame de Médoux. None among them all, perhaps, are less visited by the stranger of to-day; none, certainly, have played a nobler part in the records of history.

The origin of the shrine of Notre Dame de Médoux is, like many others of equally long standing, almost lost in obscurity. There is a floating tradition, somewhat closely resembling the modern story of the apparition at Lourdes, to the effect that the Blessed Virgin appeared one day to a little shepherd boy watching his sheep near the grotto and fountain still pointed out as the site of the ancient shrine, in the place where a wonderful chestnut tree of peculiar form and remarkable size still lifts its leafy head over the soil made sacred by many generations of pilgrims to ancient Médoux. No one can tell wherefore or whence may have been derived the name of Médoux, borne for centuries by both the statue and the monastery which so long sheltered it. Antiquarians speak of *mel dulce* or *miel doux*, and connect it with the famous honey of the Pyrénées, and specially of Campan, which seems to have been celebrated almost as that of Hymettus. Devout local writers, too, love to dwell on the name, as appropriate to her who has been sung in the Divine Canticle by so many a sweet and glorious title. "Mary, honey," they write, "she who like the honey possesses sovereign power to heal the wounds of the soul." At all events, the first mention of Médoux, in documents of the early sixteenth century, speak of it as a shrine already well known, and frequented by crowds of pilgrims; served, at least occasionally, by the curés of the neighbouring village of Asté. There was the old wooden miraculous statue, and the small rude chapel which sheltered it; doubtless hung with many a votive offering, and all too narrow for the pilgrim throng which wended their way thither from time to time, out of Beaudéan or Bagnères, haughty Mont Gaillard or humbler Pouzac, or any one of the numerous villages which stud so thickly the whole length of this verdant valley.

In 1564, the *prieuré* of Médoux, as it is called, was removed from the jurisdiction of Asté, and placed by the Bishop of Tarbes under the care of the ecclesiastics attached to the Hospital of Bagnères, owing, it is supposed, to some unfortunate disorders which took place at Asté, too long and too uncertain to be entered into here; and this event probably laid the foundation for the furious jealousy and bitter conflicts in which later on the Bagnerais and Astais became involved, on the subject of the possession of the miraculous statue. Throughout this period the whole province of Bigorre was, like all the neighbourhood of Béarn, and most southern provinces, overrun with troublesome neighbours, and harassed by religious warfare; the lengthened and irritating struggles between the Protestants, or *reformés*, as they were called, who recruited their ranks amongst the noblest families, and those who remained faithful, under grievous persecution, to the Church, absorbed all the records of history, and we hear but little of the peaceful shrine. The Comte de Grammont, on whose land it lay, became one of the Huguenot chiefs who stirred up revolts and petty warfare, under Condé and Henri de Navarre; but like the latter, he afterwards returned to the Church, and reconquered Bigorre for his King. But where heresy had so long reigned and faith grown weak, morality, too, speedily became wanting; and it seems that the Divine anger was turned upon the city of Bagnères, for not long afterwards there came upon it a great plague. And it is related how, in the winter before this Divine visitation, "the weather became so severe that the river was frozen, so that man and beast passed to and fro upon the ice; they made holes in the ice to procure drink for the cattle, and to enable the mill-wheel to turn, that they might grind corn for bread; that the bread when made, froze in the houses, and had to be cut with an axe, or rebaked in ovens to enable it to be eaten; so that never before or after had such a winter been experienced. After this it rained, until the town and all the houses were inundated, and then again it snowed so that the streets became impassable, and the lambs and goats which were being carried to market, died on the way. This was on Easter Eve. Then again, on the eve of St. Jean, came a great storm, with strange and terrible hail, which killed the birds on the trees, and broke down their branches, and even broke in the roofs of the houses. And after this again the water became corrupt and, as it

were, filled with goat's hairs, so that it had to be strained to render it fit to drink. After which, behold the fish from the river left it, and came up into the canals and gutters of the streets, so that they could be caught there; and night and day the dogs and cats howled most mournfully in the houses and streets of Bagnères."

And then, as to Ninive of old, God sent a warning voice before His final destruction. In the southern quarter of the town of Bagnères, the nearest point to Médoux and its shrine, dwelt a poor and pious widow named Liloye. She was a native of Beaudéan, the village which lies between Médoux and Campan, and had married a Bagnerais of the name of Aurore, who left her a widow at an early age, with one little daughter. Liloye appears to have been all her life very devout to the Blessed Virgin, and the two-fold influences of sweet Médoux on the one hand, and of many painful sights and scenes such as were all too common in those lawless times, and specially during her youth, when her own fellow-townsmen, Antoine de Beaudéan, suffered a tragic death at the hands of the Huguenots, probably served to quicken her faith and increase her devotion. On becoming a widow, she devoted herself to a life of prayer and penance, and ere long became well known and venerated in the whole country side for her extraordinary sanctity and devotion. She is described by a contemporary as a tall, extremely thin woman, poor, good, and virtuous. She was so devout, that when any one gave themselves to practices of devotion, it was commonly said "they would become a second Liloye." She never appeared in public save at church and in processions. When she left her house she was always thickly veiled, so that none could see her face, her feet bare, even on snow and ice, mud or stones, and Andrette her daughter, who was angelically beautiful, accompanied her always and literally walked in her footsteps, doing everything that she saw her mother do. Every one admired their devotion and their mortification.

Liloye had a particular attraction for Notre Dame de Médoux; she went there usually every day, barefoot, passing generally by the quiet path now called the Allées Maintenon. There, in the little chapel of Médoux, she passed hour after hour in prayer and meditation, so that the humble little sanctuary might well have been called her true home, so constantly was she to be found within its walls. Like so many

of the saintly servants of Mary in all ages, she was there favoured with many a vision and visitation from the Mother of God ; and when the great plague was on the eve of appearing, and its dread portents had already struck vague terror into every heart, Liloye, the faithful and favoured one, received from the lips of the Blessed Virgin a commission to go forth like another Jonas, to warn and save. And first the apparition desired her to go to the priests and people of Bagnères, and to tell them that a great disaster would ere long befall them, if they did not do penance and betake themselves to prayer ; adding, " If they come in procession to Médoux, I will preserve them from the disaster." Liloye, though naturally timid and retiring, fulfilled her mission faithfully, and announced her tidings to the people of Bagnères. But they turned a deaf ear to her words, and even laughed her to scorn. Then she had a second vision. The Blessed Virgin appeared again to her in the same place, the chapel of Médoux, and desired her to go tell the inhabitants of Bagnères that they might now prepare to receive a great misfortune, since they had neglected the counsel she gave them. Again Liloye warned her fellow-townsmen, and still their hearts were hard ; and then the plague came.

Never was a more appalling record of sickness and death, than the simple words in which the chastisements of God are recorded. Of all the inhabitants of the town—and they numbered many thousands—those only survived who fled from the city—about a sixth part of them. Every soul within it sickened and died ; until at last, in the words of the story, *Lorsque tous ceux qui étaient restés dedans furent morts, la peste cessa.* And not in Bagnères alone, but in all the surrounding villages, their streets became deserted and grass-grown, and their inhabitants represented but by a crowd of new-made graves.

When the plague ceased, the survivors returned to their houses, after due purification of the town ; and sad and strange must have been that new beginning, friend looking upon friend's face, brother upon brother, each hardly daring to inquire after the missing in their ranks. But their punishment was not yet ended. Those who had escaped the plague were principally the rich and well-to-do of the town ; the poor had lacked either means or courage to fly ; and now, one day, one of the better class of people, a woman belonging to one of the principal

families in the town, met Liloye in the street, and began to scoff and jeer at her, saying that "Our Lady and you had been wrong to frighten them so, since the plague had been sent only upon the poor, and that they only had suffered from it, not having been able either to fly or to guard themselves from it." Liloye meekly replied, "I have only done what I was told to do, said that which I was commanded to say." But when, after her daily custom, she knelt before the shrine (often, too, as during the plague was her frequent practice, beating her breast with a stone, and exhausting herself in prayers and penances, to impetrate the Divine mercy upon the unhappy town), the Blessed Virgin again appeared to her, and desired to know "what they did and said in Bagnères now, and whether they were prepared to be more devout in the future than they had been in the past." Liloye answered truthfully with the words just spoken in mockery by a "rich woman of the town." "Go to that rich woman, and tell her from me that another plague is coming, which will be *for the rich alone*; and that *she herself*, in punishment for her unbelief, *shall be the first victim*; therefore, she may prepare for death."

And so, indeed, it came to pass; the plague returned, and the lady was its first victim. This time, as had been foretold, the rich, the influential, the officials, were its principal victims; and, frightened at last into submission, the authorities of the town vowed a solemn procession to Notre Dame de Médoux, that the plague might be stayed. For nine consecutive days, the entire population of Bagnères, priests, religious, confraternities, municipal authorities, and laity, led by Liloye and her daughter Andrette, went, *cierge* in hand, to pray at the shrine. Already the plague was at an end, for on the uttering of their vow, the joyful people found a sudden cessation of illness to take place; so that it was a rejoicing and a thankful crowd which wended its way, day after day, to the Mother of Good Counsel; and this time at least, the Bagnerais showed themselves not ungrateful. An annual procession to Médoux on the 2nd of each August, was there and then vowed by the town, and continued from this year down to the great shipwreck of all ancient customs in the Revolution of 1792, while history itself attests the fact that never again did the dreaded plague approach their homes. "After thanking God and our Lady," as they expressed it, for their merciful deliverance, the people began to ponder on their indebtedness to her who

had been their good angel in the time of trouble, the holy widow, Liloye; and they agreed together to support her daughter and herself, at the public expense, for the remainder of their lives, in recognition of the benefit she had conferred on the town. When this resolution was communicated to Liloye, however, she begged the good townsfolk rather to assist them to enter some convent, where Andrette and she might serve God in a more perfect state; and of course they could not but agree to her pious wish; so, with the most simple and fraternal interest, the officials of the town took steps towards the choice of one, in Spain, there being—sad mark of the disorders of those times—no monastery in the province of Bigorre which had not been ruined by the Huguenots. One brief delay was requested by Liloye; it was in order that Andrette might learn to read and write before embracing the religious life; and this she accomplished, aided perhaps, as they appear to have felt, by more than mortal teachers, within so short a space of time, that six months afterwards the mother and daughter, surrounded by all their relations and friends, were presiding at the *marriage feast* which preceded their departure, to celebrate their supernatural nuptials among the Bernardine nuns at Balbonne, near far-famed Montserrat.

One of the most respected bourgeois of the town, Andrette's godfather, was delegated to accompany the would-be postulants, and see them safely to the convent gates; and he, having fulfilled his mission, came back full of wondrous tales of the graces and marvels he had witnessed. He told how the youthful Andrette, endowed with the gift of prophecy, had predicted beforehand every incident of the journey; how she had assured himself, ere their parting, that though old and childless, he should be blessed with children before he died, which afterwards faithfully came to pass; how, as they approached their destination, the convent bells began to ring, touched by no human hand, when as yet they were a mile away, while the nuns, supernaturally enlightened, were made aware that a saint was approaching them, and forming themselves in procession they advanced, *cierges* in hand, headed by the Abbess, to meet and welcome the unknown travellers at the gate. The would-be postulants were warmly greeted, and prayed to give an account of the wonderful events which had occurred at Bagnères: then said the Abbess to her nuns, "Notwithstanding our custom of receiving only those of noble birth and sufficient dowry into

our homes, we should run counter to the will of God in not receiving this woman and her daughter, poor and dowerless though they be ; for it is our Lady herself who sends them." So they were received among the noble ladies of Spain, and the world knew them no more.

Some years later, two men from Bagnères, going on pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Montserrat, called at the convent, and asked to see Liloye and Andrette. The former was dead, Andrette still survived, and greeted them warmly, talking of her mother, whom then, as now, her grateful townsmen have ever designated Sainte Liloye.

Early in the seventeenth century, the chapel and statue of Médoux were handed over, by the Comtes de Grammont, to the Franciscan Order. A monastery was built for them, and a larger church, in place of the rude and insufficient chapel of former times. It was probably not long afterwards that the same princely benefactors adorned the newly erected edifice with the exquisite marble statue, which replaces the rude and worn wooden Madonna, before which Liloye had prayed. It is sculptured in Carrara marble, and is said by critics to show artistic traits not unworthy of a Roman museum, having, indeed, more than once been coveted for "artistic" purposes.

However much the external appearance of both chapel and statue were altered, under the superintendence of the good Capuchin Fathers, their attractiveness and healing virtues did not fail ; and a long series of pilgrimages, with divers miraculous cures, bear witness to the power of Notre Dame de Médoux. Among other interesting details, we find that the well-known spiritual writer, Ambroise de Lombez, passed the greater part of his life in this convent, and became there the centre of a vast movement in spiritual direction. Like St. Francis of Sales, to whom he has been compared, he exhibited a wonderful aptitude in the guidance of souls, and they flocked to him from far and near ; bishops, nuns, nobles, peasantry, from the Queen of France upon her throne, down to a handful of obscure converts, writing to him from far-distant America. All sought his guidance, all followed his counsels, and with all he was, as has been written of him, "gentle without laxity, firm without severity, large in his views, and solid in his principles."

Happily for himself, he was taken to his rest before the storm burst which raged with such disastrous results at the

end of that same century of which we write The great Revolution, which ruined so much, swept away Médoux also in its vortex. First its inhabitants, the good Capuchins, were scattered and exiled, then, after some delay, the convent buildings and church were sold as "national property," and soon vanished, partly being destroyed, and partly falling into ruins. And what of the precious statue? It is recorded—and those now living have learned it from the lips of others who witnessed it—that when the chapel was closed, by order of the revolutionists, the faithful, particularly the women of Bagnères and Asté, would kneel, weeping, before the closed portals which held their treasure, and implore the Divine mercy upon themselves and theirs. By and by, seeing that the monastery was condemned, the respective inhabitants began, each on their side, to consider the advantage and desirability of claiming and removing the statue. To whom should it belong? Heretofore, it had formed part of the Grammont property, whose chateau and seat were at Asté, and who were, in fact, the founders of the monastery; while the parish priests of their village had been the first on record to serve the ancient *prieuré* of Médoux. The Bagnerais, in their turn, claimed the statue by right of their immense donations to the shrine, by their close proximity to it, by their annual pilgrimages, which linked the past and present in one living chain, and, above all, by the memory of their own *Sainte Liloye*, who had made it hers and theirs. And so, to lose no time, the town council of Bagnères voted a request to the authorities, that they might be allowed to buy the statue of the Virgin at Médoux, as a national monument. The people of Asté heard of it, and immediately the cry ran through the village, *Il faut courir à Médoux et sauver la Vierge!* No further delay, no more appeals to Government; but with a promptitude which has been rewarded up to the present day, the entire population rushed to Médoux, harnessed some stout bullocks to a waggon, placed the statue therein, and bore it in triumph to their church.

So Asté possessed the treasure! To this day, her people speak of it with pride; and, indeed, a whole network of legend has woven itself about this famous "rape of the statue!" They tell you here—the story is still related by every one—that the Bagnerais were endeavouring to obtain possession of the Madonna, and were bearing the statue in a bullock-cart along the road to their town, when, coming towards the bridge which

spans the stream, the animals stopped short and refused to proceed; neither threats nor blows could make them move, until turned towards Asté, they immediately set off at a quick pace to draw it thither. Local historians, however, connect this tradition with an earlier time, and identify it with another story, also vaguely related as having taken place in "troubled times." These times seem to be not those of the last century, but others referred to earlier in our story, when, owing to some obscure tumult, Médoux was transferred from the jurisdiction of the curés of Asté to those of Bagnères. At all events, the legend relates that the statue having been at some period handed over by official document to Bagnères, a grand procession set forth from that town, and with banners and flowers, clergy and confraternities, in full dress, they repaired to Médoux to fetch the statue. It was lifted from its niche, deposited in the waggon brought to convey it, and the procession set forth again, amid great rejoicing. Hardly had they proceeded many steps, however, when, at the bridge which marks the limit of Bagnères territory, suddenly, before the astonished eyes of all, up rose a white object, poised in the air. Like a bird, it hovered for an instant above their heads, then, straight as an arrow, flew back to its resting-place—the *Virgin had returned to Médoux!* And the people, marvelling at the sight, went slowly and sadly home, "hardly knowing," as the chronicle relates, "whether to be most sorry or glad; sorry for their own loss, or glad at having witnessed so great a miracle."

But to return to the more sober regions of history. It was not to be supposed that the Bagnerais would tamely sit down under the loss of their Madonna, supported as they were by Government officials. A lively correspondence ensued, with earnest petitions and counter-petitions on both sides, addressed by the inhabitants of each parish to the local and even superior authorities. A decree was actually passed by the former, ordering the inhabitants of Asté to take back the statue to Médoux, whence the Bagnerais were to fetch it to their town; but somehow the energetic Astais procured a revocation of the decree, and, as we know well, the Virgin of Médoux has remained the Madonna of Asté.

Some time later, one of the vilest instruments of the Republic, Monestrier by name, happening to pass that way, entered the church of Asté and demanded to see the famous statue about which so much correspondence had taken place.

It was shown to him ; not on the altar, but in some side-chapel or corner, where its anxious guardians kept it. While he was contemplating it curiously, one of the men with him lifted his sword and struck off the right hand, with its sceptre. The outrage was witnessed by an indignant crowd, who, half timidly, half defiantly, had followed every movement of their sinister visitor ; and an angry murmur ran through their midst. The hardened revolutionary felt that he had gone too far ; he is said to have turned pale, and even trembled, so that the onlookers could not but guess at some secret sting of conscience or Divine warning ; of this, however, none know, but he turned quickly away, quitted the church and village, and they saw him no more. A skilful workman repaired the mutilated statue, and placed it where we see it to-day, above the high altar.

So she stands there, the Madonna of Asté, looking down upon the pyramids of sparkling lights, upon the kneeling crowd, upon the cooing, laughing, murmuring babies, who fill her sanctuary on this 25th of March of which we write. They kneel in close-packed, varying rows, rank after rank, replacing one another, as the priest passes along the rails, and lays his stole-end on each little head, as he murmurs words of benediction ; every little hand grasping its lighted *cierge*, to be left, burned out, on that flaming pyramid of light which recruits itself throughout the day from piles of votive candles at its side.

One thing more we notice, as we turn away from the high altar and pass down the church, a quaint old picture which catches one's eye, and before which we involuntarily pause to examine further. It is one of the "votive" pictures so common in art, and represents a noble family kneeling at the feet of Notre Dame de Médoux, the father on one side with his four sons, the mother on the other with an equal number of daughters. The inscription tells how this picture is presented to *Maria mellis dulcis*, in thanksgiving for having been preserved from the great plague, by Bernard Daspe, Judge and High Counsellor of Auch. The picture itself is by no less a painter than Philippe de Champagne, and has ere now been coveted by artist eyes. When sent to Paris some years ago for restoration, it was examined by competent judges, and a suggestion made to the curé and inhabitants of Asté for its sale as a work of art, the price of 25,000 francs being named as one which would undoubtedly be given. The offer was indignantly refused, and Asté keeps its treasure.

But our readers will be inclined to ask whether the cherished Madonna of so benignant renown has worked no other miracles than that obtained by Liloye. There are many recorded, both spiritual and temporal: sick restored to health, accidents averted, preservation under imminent danger of death, and all the numberless graces so familiar to the fervent child of Mary. In the long ago days, before the Grotto of Lourdes drew its thousands to hang their wreaths or lay their crutches at the feet of Mary Immaculate, many a blind or crippled pilgrim wended his way to *Marie de miel doux*, as their well-authenticated records still attest.

Numbers of women in peril during childbirth were preserved by recommending themselves to Notre Dame de Médoux; among others, "the wife of the doctor of Lourdes" is quoted as lying in imminent danger, until she vowed to bring her child to Médoux, when the danger ceased, and all went well. One somewhat naïve incident may raise a smile by its innocent homeliness: "A man of Campan, being in Spain, went in great fear of being taken by the soldiery and forced to serve in the war." He saw no way of escape, the frontier being guarded; and in his distress he invoked Notre Dame de Médoux, vowing to visit her shrine before entering his own house, if she would aid him to reach his native village. "Suddenly he felt so reassured, that he had no more fear." He walked boldly on, met party after party of Spaniards leading captive Frenchmen, but none essayed to stop him, and he crossed the frontier, traversed the mountains, and arrived safely at his own home.

But the most interesting of modern cures is the following, whose attesting witness still survives, and from whose lips we have but now received confirmation of the more interesting details of the story:

In the month of August, 1835, the then curé of Asté, M. l'Abbe Védère, received a letter announcing the visit of a family from Toulouse, who were about to come on pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Médoux, to solicit a great favour. They duly arrived, and proved to be a widow with two children, the eldest of whom, a boy of fourteen, had lately become completely blind. His studies were at an end, his whole career blighted, and there seemed no hope, humanly speaking, that his sight could be restored. On their arrival, the curé prepared to say Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin for their intention, and the little group of mother and children

drew near to the venerated Madonna. As the Sanctus bell rang, the rustic congregation may have perceived a sudden stir and movement in the pilgrim group; the boy had fainted away. Full of faith, the mother continued to pray, and a few moments later, as the words of consecration were spoken, he opened his eyes, looked full into her face, and cried out, "I am cured!"

The Holy Sacrifice was continued to the end, and the celebrant returned to the sacristy without being aware of what had taken place. To his surprise he found himself followed there by a radiant little group, the blind boy no longer guided on the way with slow, uncertain steps, but walking alone, firmly and joyously, ejaculating rapturously as he went, "Cured, cured!" Hardly less full of glad surprise, the curé opened a little volume, the first at hand, and desired the boy to read therein. He did so, easily. Then, turning to the server who stood near him, the good priest bade him take note of what had occurred, and bear witness hereafter to the miracle which then and there he had seen wrought before him. "You are young and I am old," he said; "you will outlive me and can tell of it." And from him we heard it to-day.

As for the happy mother and her son, a Communion of thanksgiving in the sanctuary on the Sunday following, and a yearly pilgrimage to the shrine, with due offerings of ex-votos each time during many years, bore testimony to the genuineness of their gratitude. The youthful server of that day became, in due course of time, sacristan of the church, and still holds that position; an old, yet vigorous, square-faced peasant, slow and somewhat "hard of hearing" through coming age, but brightening up to garrulousness on the subject of his beloved Madonna. Well indeed does he remember every detail of that eventful morning, though expressing himself somewhat haltingly in French, and relapsing ever and anon into the more familiar *patois*; how he was going round with the plate *pour les âmes du purgatoire* when he saw the boy faint away, and how one of the more well-to-do neighbours ran out of the church to get some *vinaigre à respirer*, and how the happy boy ran to the sacristy after Mass, cured and well. Other experiences too he relates, in a torrent of quaint Spanish-sounding *patois*; and then we leave him and pass away, out of Asté, across the fields and over the narrow bridge which takes us back to ancient Médoux. There is the grotto still, and the stream, placid and trout-

filled now, perhaps once miraculous like that of Lourdes; and, what strangers wonder at more, a gigantic chestnut-tree towering high up in air like a cathedral spire, its smooth round trunk absolutely branchless save for a coronet of boughs far above at its summit. The *gardien* tells with pride how strangers have visited it from all parts of the earth, and none have ever seen a chestnut-tree like this. It is said to be hundreds of years old, and to mark the spot of the original apparition of Notre Dame de Médoux.

Of the original chapel, as of the later monastery, no traces remain. On their site stand modern stables, built, alas, from the stones of the desecrated ruins. A modern villa, in park-like grounds, forms the present surroundings, inhabited, like most Bagnerais villas, in summer only, by a rich family who have recently bought the property.

A few years hence, and possibly the very site of ancient Médoux will be forgotten. Its neighbours, they say, still teach, or until lately taught, their little ones, when passing by its sacred soil, to cross themselves and murmur a prayer to "Notre Dame de Médoux;" but with times like the present, who can say how soon the very memory of such an invocation will fade away? Already Bagnères, as a *station thermale*, is yearly losing importance; its deserted streets and lifeless squares bear witness to the fact that the tide of fashion has flowed past it, on to other and more attractive health resorts. Perhaps the day will come when, weary of the hollowness of a superficial and unrestful ambition, the heart of the people will turn once more to that which in old times was counted the greatest of their treasures, and the prayer which never rises in vain will be heard in louder litanies, *Notre Dame de Médoux, priez pour nous.*

NORMAN STUART.

Sir George Stokes on Immortality.

PART THE SECOND.

IN a previous article the attention of the readers of THE MONTH was directed to a lecture by the President of the Royal Society on the subject of "Personal Identity." In the course of his remarks Sir George Stokes committed himself to the opinion that the doctrine of the immortality of the rational soul had no foundation in Scripture, and was, in fact, "a merely philosophic and probably false hypothesis." In opposition to this view, unusual even among Protestants, we pointed out that the doctrine in question, being a defined dogma of religion, was necessarily found in Revelation, and its place in both Scripture and Tradition was indicated. It now remains to show this doctrine to be a dogma of reason also, admitting of the strictest demonstration.

Sir George Stokes does not deny the immortality of the soul; on the contrary, he directly asserts it. But it is necessary to distinguish between two very different aspects of the assertion—between the *questio facti* and the *questio juris*. First, is it a fact that the soul will live for ever? Secondly, given this fact, is the fact based on the character of the soul? Is immortality a connatural exigence and essential postulate of the soul? Does the soul live for ever because it is its nature to live for ever? The eternal life *de facto* of the soul Sir George Stokes affirms; the eternal life *de jure* he unfortunately denies. He is reported as having spoken to the following effect:

We frequently heard of the immortality of the soul as if it were a part of the Christian faith, which he did not think it was. When he said this they must not confound two totally different things—the immortality of the soul and a future life. That there was to be a future life was beyond all question the doctrine of Scripture, but the supposition that the soul was innately immortal was merely a philosophic hypothesis to account, so to speak, for a future life, and that hypothesis might be incorrect and he was disposed to think it was incorrect to a very considerable extent.

This view brought the lecturer face to face with another difficulty. The nature of a thing is known by the character of its acts and operations. The fact that a chair does not walk argues the absence in the chair of sensitive life. The fact that a stone does not think points to the absence in the stone of rational life. If, then, it is not connatural to the human soul to exist apart from the body, it cannot be connatural to it to act—to think and will—apart from the body. What then becomes of the disembodied soul, what is it doing, during the interval between death and the resurrection? After much anxious questioning the lecturer leans to the strange conclusion, that "this intermediate state is one of unconsciousness." An unconscious spirit! But let Sir George Stokes express himself in his own words.

The question might arise, What was man's condition between death and the resurrection? The indication of Scripture with respect to this was exceedingly meagre, if there was any at all. He thought there was no occasion in connexion with the Christian faith to decide one way or the other with regard to this question. He knew several persons who believed in the Christian faith, but who leaned to the idea that the intermediate state was one of unconsciousness. . . . He confessed that his own leanings were in the direction of supposing that this was true.

The grotesque theology to which Sir George Stokes leans must not be regarded as the invention either of himself or of those friends who lean with him. It was professed by certain schismatical Greeks after the time of Photius in the ninth century. It was held by Luther.¹ It was taught by Calvin.² And it was condemned as heretical by the Council of Florence in 1445.³

We maintain then, in opposition to Sir George Stokes, that the rational soul is not only *de facto*, but also *de jure* immortal. We contend that this, so far from being "a purely philosophic and probably false hypothesis," is no hypothesis at all, but an apodictic demonstration. In a word, we hold the soul of man to have a connatural exigence for eternal life, to be "innately and of its very nature immortal."

But first a brief remark as to the origin of this doctrine. The learned lecturer informed his audience that the immortality

¹ Luther, *Praelect. in Gen.*

² Calvin, *Inst. lib. iv. c. 20, § 23.* Cf. Henry Dodwell, *The Scripture account of the Eternal Rewards or Punishments, &c.* London, 1708.

³ *Decretum Unionis Græcorum in Bulla Eugenii IV. : Latetur cali.*

of the soul would never have been thought of, except for the revelation of a future life. A future existence being revealed, Christian philosophy cast about for some rational foundation on which to base the revelation, and hit upon this notion of innate immortality. "The supposition that the soul was innately immortal was a hypothesis to account, so to speak, for a future life." An astounding assertion truly for a scholar of Sir George Stokes' erudition! Perhaps it will be a sufficient answer to point out that the "supposition" in question was taught—to quote only Greeks—probably by Socrates, certainly by Aristotle, and most explicitly and notoriously by Plato—four centuries before Christ!

Before entering on our proof, it will be convenient in order to prevent misconception, to make two preliminary statements.

First, it is not here denied that the expression, "death of the soul," may be found among the Fathers. But they mean a moral, not a physical death; a spiritual, not a natural death. They mean the loss to the soul of sanctifying grace.

Again, the immortality claimed as belonging to the soul connaturally and *de jure* is the eternity of natural, not supernatural, life; the immortality, not of grace, but of nature. The immortality of grace—to enjoy the *intuitive* vision of God, to see God face to face, can only be the right of him who has already been made by grace heir of God and co-heir of Jesus Christ. The creature has no natural right to any grace whatsoever, much less to that which is the fulness and perfection and consummation of all grace—the Beatific Vision. The contrary is Pelagianism.

After these preliminary explanations we address ourselves to the promised demonstration.

There are many ways by which to prove the connatural immortality of the rational soul,¹ but among them is one which so obviously presents itself to a mind holding the principles admitted by Sir George Stokes, that we are surprised it has escaped his notice. We refer to the argument drawn from Free-will, an argument which proves as well the immateriality as the immortality of the soul. Sir George Stokes recognizes the existence of Free-will, refusing, on this point as on others, to bow the knee before the dominant Materialism of the day, and preferring to be out of fashion rather than to do violence to the common-sense of mankind. Now, as every unprejudiced

¹ Cf. St. Thomas, *Summa Contra Gentes*, lib. ii. cc. 79—81.

thinker must allow, the human mind, by virtue of its Free-will, proves itself superior to and independent of every natural agency, so that not all the combined forces of nature, not all the powers that be (God apart), no external influence whatsoever, can determine the mind to will what it does not wish, or to omit to will what it does wish. But if the operation of the mind is beyond the control and action of created causes, *a fortiori* is the nature of the mind and its existence beyond that action and control. Why so? Because, as we have said, between the being and existence of a substance on the one hand, and the activity and self-manifestation of that substance on the other, there is so close and intimate a connection that if a given thing be dependent on another for its being, it cannot possibly be independent in its action, and *vice versa*, if independent in its action, it cannot possibly be dependent as regards its being or existence. Experience confirms this. The same influences which arouse our "sensibility" (or sense feeling), or awaken our instincts and passions, lead to death when their intensity is excessive. Too much light will destroy the eye; too loud sound will destroy the hearing. Every man knows that it is not altogether within his power to control sense impressions and lower appetites. Yet every man is equally well aware that in his will he can resist every external influence and maintain in the higher regions of his being his liberty and his independence. What is this but to have a soul which is connaturally immortal? For connatural immortality is nothing else but complete independence of all created agency. And so philosophy concludes that man's body with its sense-life perishes, while the immaterial soul with its spiritual life lives on for ever.

But to draw out the subject more fully and from another point of view, the proof of the "innate" immortality of the human soul requires, and is satisfied by, the demonstration of the following three heads: *first*, that the soul is not disintegrated or decomposed on the disintegration and decomposition of the body; *second*, that after its separation from the body, the soul lives a conscious life apart; *third*, that no created agent has power to deprive the separated soul of existence. The demonstration of these three members will obviously put the question beyond dispute.

(i.) And now to explain the first member. The soul does not, and cannot, suffer dissolution on the dissolution of the body.

Why not? Because the rational soul is a *simple* and *spiritual* substance. But how much do these terms "simple" and "spiritual" imply? It is worth while to dwell a little on these expressions, as the comprehension of the whole question depends largely upon a clear understanding of their meaning. And this is the more important because in the philosophy of Descartes these terms have been confounded, and the confusion has not only generated many false ideas in modern Metaphysics, but has led to many and lamentable errors both in Psychology and Theology.

"Simplicity" then, in philosophical phraseology, excludes the notion of parts, at any rate of physical parts. It is opposed to "Composition." The two ideas of Simplicity and Composition are mutually exclusive. The notion of Composition is essentially inclusive of a number of things uniting to form one whole. The notion of Simplicity is essentially exclusive of a number of things uniting to form one whole. No compound can be termed simple; whether the compound be, to speak the language of chemistry, a mechanical or a chemical mixture. A compound thing may indeed be *one* with a certain unity of its own; but, considered from another point of view, it will at the same time be *many*. Its oneness does not exclude the notion of multitude. A plant or an animal is obviously one, if considered as a whole. A rose is one rose. A cat is one cat. But the composite being is not necessarily considered as a whole; it may be viewed in relation to its parts; and in that case it is not one, but many. The rose has its stem, its style, its stigma, together with anthers and stamens and petals. The cat has head, legs, ears, tail, and so forth. On the other hand, that which is simple is, in the strictest sense, one; not only is it not many, but it cannot even be conceived as many.

Having thus outlined the notion of simplicity, how can it be shown that the rational soul is simple? What are the data which lead to this conclusion? We cannot see or touch the soul, we cannot weigh or measure it; though to judge from their positive assertions about the materiality of it, metaphysicians of the type of Professor Tyndall would appear to have performed these various operations. But if the soul is not accessible to the senses, how are we to arrive at a knowledge of its nature and constitution? The answer is not far to seek. Our very consciousness testifies to the simplicity of the soul. For

if we look into our own consciousness and examine the phenomena we find there, it will be seen that the acts of the soul force us to a conviction that the substance and principle from which those acts spring is eminently simple. In all our internal acts we are conscious of the identity of the *ego*, of the *me*. Now there cannot be identity between distinct things. Therefore consciousness proves the simplicity of the soul. It may be objected that though there is no identity between distinct things, yet that a composite being is identical with itself. How then do we know that the identity revealed by consciousness is not the identity of a composite? Once more an examination of consciousness will furnish an answer. Consciousness is indeed aware of number and multiplicity within the *me*—multiplicity of acts of intellect and of will and of perception. But consciousness is equally well aware that this multiplicity, though within the *me* and the outcome of the *me*, yet is not the *me*. Consciousness testifies that the fundamental principle which thinks and wills and perceives is ever one and the same, is the unchanging *ego*. It is *I* who think; *I* who will; *I* who perceive; and this *I* is in every case and always the same *I*. How otherwise explain the permanent unity amid the multitude of internal phenomena? Had Sir George Stokes borne these facts in mind, he would have experienced less difficulty on the score of "Personal Identity."

But if this solution of the difficulty does not satisfy the reader, let us propound the question from a somewhat different point of view. Grant, for the sake of discussion, the soul to be composite and not simple; compounded, let us suppose, of three substances, *a*, *b*, *c*. Could this composite substance (*a b c*) think? How would it form a simple judgment, for example, "*England is powerful*"? Put the representation of the subject "*England*" in *a*; the idea of the predicate "*powerful*" in *b*; and the general notion of the relation of a predicate to a subject, that is the general notion of copula "*is*," in *c*. How are these three elements to be combined into one judgment? Each of the substances, *a*, *b*, *c*, has its own, and only its own, consciousness; each is conscious of whatever is within itself, but of nothing that is without itself, and therefore of nothing which is in its two companions. How then is the composite (*a b c*) to form the given judgment, which consists in *this* relation of *this* predicate to *this* subject? To understand how this is to be effected is not more easy than to understand

how the minds of three different men can unite psychologically to enunciate a proposition numerically one and the same.

It may perhaps be objected that *each* of these substances contains the representations of *all* the three elements of the judgment in question. The answer is that, such being the case, there would be three judgments, and therefore three minds. Besides, how does this evade the conclusion we are pressing? If *a* contains all the elements of the judgment and can enunciate the judgment, is *a* to be considered as simple or composite? If simple, then our position is conceded that the thinking substance is simple. If composite, then we fall back into the original difficulty.

Having thus conveyed, however imperfectly, some idea of what "simplicity" is, and how the human soul is simple, we now proceed to explain the term "spirituality," and to show how the soul of man is spiritual.

Spirituality is the non-dependence of an entity on matter in being and in act, in existence and in operation. A thing is said to be spiritual which, from some point of view at least, can exist and act unsustained by and apart from matter. An angel is an obvious example of a spiritual substance. Hence, as noted above, simplicity and spirituality are by no means synonymous terms. Simplicity excludes extension and supposes a substance without parts, one and indivisible in essence. Spirituality, on the other hand, not only includes simplicity, but it supposes further an *intrinsic* independence of matter. Now a substance that is simple but not spiritual is dependent on matter. It requires matter to sustain it. The vital principle in plants and brutes—the plant-soul and the brute-soul—is simple, but not spiritual. It cannot therefore exist alone. It is without parts and unextended, but it cannot exist apart from matter. There is no Hades required for the souls of cabbages and cats, even though the ancients held both the cabbage and the cat to be fit objects of adoration. The idea, then, of a spiritual substance is that of a substance which is *incorporeal*¹ in this sense, that not only is it not composed of matter, but both in being and act it transcends the sphere of corporeal and material existences, and though perchance it informs and vivifies matter, yet this is not its sole function,

¹ The plant and brute soul is called *corporeal*, not because it *is* body, but because it *depends* on body.

nor does it essentially require matter to sustain and preserve it in existence.

Now in this explanation we come into conflict with Descartes and his school, and with many modern writers who have based their speculations on Cartesian principles. These philosophers who, equally with the Scholastics, admit the connatural immortality of the soul, claim to demonstrate that same immortality from the attribute of simplicity alone. And we believe their claim to be utterly unfounded. We believe that, in their hands, this dogma becomes, as Sir George Stokes expresses it, "a merely philosophical and probably false hypothesis." This school maintains that every simple being is *incorruptible*, having no intrinsic principle of dissolution; *indestructible*, with power to resist every extrinsic created force tending to dissolve or annihilate it; *immortal*, if, being incorruptible and indestructible, it is also endowed with life. Having laid down that Body is essentially extension, with part outside part, and that Mind, as a thinking substance, is necessarily unextended and therefore simple, they argue as follows. No created force can generate anything new, except by giving to material elements *a new combination*. Similarly, an existing thing cannot perish except by the dissolution of a combination of material elements. Two striking consequences, as they hold, flow from these premises. On the one hand, as created forces do in fact generate plants and brute animals, *therefore* plants and brute animals are mere combinations of material elements, are lifeless machines.¹ On the other hand, Soul being simple, is not a combination, and therefore cannot perish by the disintegration of a combination; that is, Soul is immortal. Against the Scholastics the Cartesians argue that to give plants and brutes a "simple" soul² is to make their soul immortal.

¹ Ask a Cartesian why a dog runs for a proffered piece of meat. "The meat," he answers, "affects the animal's sight and smell, and produces, not an apprehension, but a simple impression on that most subtil atomic matter called the principle of life. This matter, which is stored up in the brain, circulates through the body and puts the dog in motion; and on reaching the legs and feet, it pushes the whole machine towards the tempting chop." This is funny enough. But suppose the tempting chop is offered from a balcony, how does this "subtil matter" manage to drive the machine-dog round to the door, up the winding stairs, and through the several rooms to get at the savoury morsel?

² The term "soul" is here used in that generic sense defined by Aristotle (*De Anima*, lib. i. c. i.) as *ἡ πρώτη ἐντελέχεια σώματος φυσικοῦ ὀργανικοῦ*—*Actus corporis organici*—the first principle of all vital activity found in a living body.

Such is the famous Cartesian proof which, according to Arnauld, rendered obsolete the old-world argumentation of the Peripatetics and Scholastics, and for the first time set on a secure basis the demonstration of the immortality of the rational soul.

The Scholastics retort that this proof of Descartes' is open to several fatal objections. We adduce two. Grant, for the sake of argument, the Aristotelian theory of matter and form to be false, and the Cartesian theory of the constitution of bodies to be true. Then, on the one hand, no substance can be conceived as coming into being except by a new combination of material elements; and, on the other hand, no substance can be conceived as perishing except by the dissolution of a combination of material elements. But how does this prove that generation *is* a combination, and that corruption *is* a dissolution of material elements? How does the conclusion follow from the premises? To make good their position, these philosophers must show that the combination and dissolution are causes, and not mere concomitants or consequences. You generally have smoke with fire, but that does not prove that smoke *is* fire. Now the plant and the brute are born when the vital principle is formed in the organic matter. The plant and the brute die when the vital principle is extinguished in the organic matter. Has this vital principle quantitative parts or not? If it has not, then, on Cartesian grounds, the plant-soul and the brute-soul are simple and yet are not immortal—that which is simple is not necessarily immortal—and thus Cartesianism goes to the wall. If it has, then we are confronted with this absurdity, that the vivifying principle of body is itself body.

That is one objection, now for another. It is not enough for immortality that the soul, being simple, cannot be resolved into quantitative parts. It must further be proved to be *intransmutable*. Now the Cartesians, being Atomists, teach that the ultimate elements of matter are, equally with soul, incorruptible. But are these ultimate elements intransmutable? And if they are not, if, for example, an ultimate element of hydrogen, though simple, is yet transmutable into something else, how can they show that the soul, because simple, is not also transmutable into something else? This objection, the Cartesians retort, falls to the ground for the plain reason that ultimate elements of matter are intransmutable.

Yes, but how do they *prove* this assertion? Assertion is one thing, proof is another. How do these philosophers know that a thing which cannot be dissolved into quantitative parts, possesses that character of fixity and stability of nature which is called immutability? The Scholastics of course challenge this assertion of the immutability of ultimate atomistic elements. They hold, for example, that the so-called ultimate atoms of hydrogen and oxygen are capable of transmutation into other substances, such as water; and while many scientists incline to the same view, no one, scientist or Cartesian, can prove that the Scholastic view is incorrect. Some may indeed contend that neither theory of the Constitution of Matter, Scholastic or Cartesian, has been demonstrated satisfactorily. Certainly the Cartesian has not. But while the Cartesian demonstration of the soul's immortality depends on the Cartesian view of matter, the Scholastic demonstration of that same immortality is independent of the Scholastic view of matter. Therefore the boasted Cartesian demonstration is marred by at least a two-fold flaw; in the first place it leads logically to a conclusion, counter to the common sense of mankind, viz., that plants and brutes are lifeless machines; and, in the second place, it is based on two suppositions, of which one is a gratuitous assumption, and the other is demonstrably false.

After this long but not unnecessary digression, we return to the main thread of our argument. We have explained what the attribute of Spirituality is; it now remains to show that the human soul is spiritual. To say that the soul is spiritual is to say that it can exist and act independently of matter. How is this independence proved? To keep the demonstration within bounds, it will suffice to limit the proof to independence of action. Independence of being or existence follows immediately as a necessary conclusion from independence of operation, in virtue of the axiom before quoted that manner of act and operation is necessarily indicative of manner of being and existence.

The human soul, then, is independent of matter in its acts and operations. Every man perceives, judges of, reasons about, and wills, things which are not material, but soar above the region of matter. He can exercise his intellect and his will on God, Intelligence, Virtue and Vice, Goodness and Beauty, Order, Relation, Possibility, Infinity, as well as on countless

other abstract and immaterial objects. And not only does the mind know and will these abstract and immaterial things, but it knows and wills them *as* abstract and *as* immaterial. Now a principle of thought, a thinking substance, that depended on matter, and was inseparably allied and bound to a bodily organ, could not do this. A faculty requiring the co-operation of a material organ can only deal with objects which imprint themselves on this organ, which objects are consequently not immaterial but material, not abstract but concrete. How could Virtue be imprinted on a bodily organ as sound is impressed on the ear? How could God or Infinity be imprinted on a material organ as the image is impressed on the eye? This is impossible; and therefore the mind which knows Virtue and God and Infinity is, in these cognitions, independent of matter. Such a mind then is independent in its acts and operations; and therefore it is independent in its being and in its nature also; for no act or operation can exceed the perfection of the principle from which it proceeds.

The soul's independence of bodily organs in its cognitions and volitions may also be demonstrated from its power of mental *reflection*, without which there is no science, no formal knowledge. Reflection is thinking on thought. Now when the mind thinks on its own thought, it objectivizes itself; it constitutes itself its own object in order to study its own concepts or examine its own nature. Every one is aware that the mind can do this: it is evident from such every-day expressions as, "Let me think a moment to see if I fully understand."

Universal experience manifests the fact that the mind has a two-fold action, direct and reflex: direct, when the mind contemplates an external object, such as an apple; reflex, when the mind turns upon itself and contemplates the concept or idea of that apple. Again, the action of the mind is direct when it views an order or arrangement of things not of its own making, say, for example, the order in the motions of the heavenly spheres. The action of the mind is reflex when it views an order of which itself is the author, say, by arrangement of its concepts into Judgment or Definition, into Enthymeme or Syllogism. Now, only a spiritual substance can *reflect*. No sense-faculty which works wholly, and must work wholly, through a material organ can, as a sense-faculty, have any such capacity or power. Why not? Because matter, the

material organ, is the necessary *medium* between the sense-faculty and its object. Close the eye, and the faculty of sight cannot see. Stop the ears, and the faculty of hearing cannot hear. Yet obviously the organ cannot become the medium between the sense-faculty viewing and the sense-faculty viewed. You cannot see your own sight, you cannot hear your own hearing, because a sense-faculty cannot objectivize itself. The mind, then, which does reflect upon itself is not bound to matter. Therefore it is spiritual.

Having now proved that the human soul is a simple and spiritual substance, we have next to show that, as such, it cannot be decomposed with the decomposition of the body. We have to demonstrate that the soul, because simple and spiritual, cannot die with the death of the body.

Death or dissolution is of two kinds, indirect and direct.¹ *Indirect* dissolution happens when a thing A is destroyed, not precisely in itself, but on account of the destruction of another thing B, on which A's existence depends. In this way physical accidents perish with the destruction of the substance in which they inhere and which sustains them. The beauty of a Helen of Troy is destroyed with the destruction, and because of the destruction, of her beautiful frame. The manual dexterity of a Raphael dies with, and because of, the death of his artistic hand. The eloquence of a Demosthenes sinks into nothingness because the tongue of the orator is resolved into dust. Again, the constitutive principle of a plant or an animal—*v.g.*, the vegetative soul of a fuchsia or the corporeal soul of an ostrich—perishes because of the decomposition of the plant or the animal, of the fuchsia or the ostrich. *Direct* dissolution happens when the parts of a composite thing are dissociated but continue to exist, either separately or in other combinations. Assuming the Atomic theory, a molecule of water H_2O suffers direct dissolution when its two atoms of hydrogen are thrown out of combination with its one atom of oxygen, and both hydrogen and oxygen atoms continue to exist either apart as pure hydrogen and pure oxygen, or in new combinations with other elements.

If then the rational soul is corruptible, it must be capable of dissolution either indirect or direct. Now it is not capable of indirect dissolution, because being a *spiritual* substance it is independent of the body and therefore cannot die with the

¹ "Corruptio per accidens, corruptio per se."

death, and because of the death, of the body. It is not capable of direct dissolution, because being a *simple* substance it has no physical parts into which to be resolved. The human soul then is not dissolved or decomposed on the dissolution and decomposition of the body.

(ii.) Moreover, after the separation of soul and body, the former lives a conscious life apart. The separated soul is capable of act and operation. Can this be proved? Sir George Stokes thinks not. He thinks that the separated soul is sunk in a profound slumber out of which the last trumpet can alone awaken it. He thinks that during the time that shall elapse between the death of the mortal body and the final resurrection of that body—a period may be of millions of ages—the soul will be utterly passive, inactive, unconscious. So singular an opinion Sir George Stokes would probably not have formed had he considered the subject more carefully from either the Scriptural or the metaphysical point of view. The declarations of Scripture on this head put the matter, as we have shown, beyond a doubt. Nor do we think that Philosophy is more favourable to the learned Professor's opinion than Scripture itself. For as we have already pointed out, a *spiritual* substance like the soul acts independently of matter, even when in the body it possesses a class of operations which acknowledge no dependence on bodily organs. What reason then can be assigned why it should not exercise these operations when apart from the body?

It is true that in the state of union with the body, the mind requires the concurrence of the imagination *as a condition*, and as a condition only; but this nexus is external to the mind, not internal, required not in consequence of the nature of thought, but solely in consequence of the present state of union. This is made evident by a consideration of what we have said on reflection and the reflex action of the mind. If the mind can objectivize itself and think on thought, then it has a capacity for act and operation, even though dealing with no object without itself. The soul having a power to contemplate itself has, when separated from the body, an object ever at hand to be the term of its own action. More than this, the soul in the separated state retains the stock of ideas acquired when in conjunction with the body, and with these it can at will chew over the intellectual cud of sweet or bitter reflection.

It is not here asserted that the separated soul retains *all* the

operations it exercised when in the body. When apart from the body, it is only *in potentia* to exercise those acts which essentially suppose the co-operation of bodily organs as a formal concomitant. Its sense-faculties are dormant. It cannot *naturally* see, or hear, or feel, or taste, or smell. But this is not the same thing as reducing the whole soul to inactivity, or "unconsciousness." An angel has no sense faculties, and yet Sir George Stokes will not assert that an angel is inactive or unconscious. So far then from the separated soul being impotent to act, it is far less hampered, it is far more untrammelled than when allied to that body of death the grossness of which had clogged and dragged it down.¹ We conclude, then, that the action of the soul separated from the body compared with the action of the soul in union with the body is *extensive* less, though *intensive* greater; its range is more limited; its intensity is increased.

(iii.) Lastly, it may be asked, if the soul on separation from the body does not and cannot suffer dissolution or decomposition; if the soul not only survives the body but lives on, active and energizing; can it further be proved that no agent has power to deprive it of being? To make good our thesis, it is necessary to show that no such agency exists. We must prove the soul to be immortal, not intrinsically only, but extrinsically also. For if there exist any efficient cause able to strip the soul of existence, how are we to know that this cause will not exercise the power at its command?

We reply that no *created* agent can spoil the rational soul of existence. The proposition is easy of proof in the light of the principles we have already established. For how would such an agent act on the soul? By transmutation or by annihilation? Not by transmutation, for that supposes a thing with physical parts, and the soul, as we have shown, has no physical parts. For suppose the soul transmuted into some other thing, which we may call A; then A either contains some part of what was originally soul or it does not. If it does not, then the soul, if it has perished at all, has been not transmuted, but annihilated, and another thing A has been created to fill its place. If it does, then the soul has parts, which is impossible. Nor could a created agent act on the soul by way of annihilation. For as a secondary cause cannot create, or produce out of nothing, so neither can a secondary cause annihilate or reduce into nothing.

¹ Cf. St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.* pt. i. a. 89.

This is evident ; for a created agent always requires a subject on which to operate that is capable of change and modification, a subject capable of being transferred from one species to another, or which when it ceases to be one thing necessarily becomes another. To deny this would be to call in question the whole theory of the Conservation of Energy.

It might, however, at first sight appear that to prove our point it is not enough to exclude the destructive influence on the soul of a merely *created* agent. Can God destroy the rational soul, and if He can, how is it known that He will not ?

Certainly God in His absolute power—considered apart from His Providence—can annihilate the soul of man. But in philosophizing on the natures of things, we do not inquire what the Deity of His almighty power can do, but what in the order of His providence He will do. For God in His wisdom acts according to the natures of the creatures He has formed, doing violence to none. "In the constitution of created things," observes Aquinas, "we do not consider what God can do, but what is befitting the natures He has made."¹ The question we undertook to examine was, whether the soul was *per se* "inately and of its own nature" immortal. Now we have proved that the soul contains within itself no intrinsic principle of corruption, and therefore its very constitution and nature point to its eternal duration. From this we infer that God will preserve the soul of man, as He will preserve His angels, for ever, for He is a Maker, not a Destroyer, ruling and governing harmoniously according to their connatural requirements all those beings which His wisdom planned and His power summoned into being.

This is no derogation from the power of God ; it is but a tribute to His wisdom ; for not only the souls of men, but the multitudinous angels of the nine choirs ; not only this world of ours, but every sphere that shines in the heavens or lights up regions into which eye of man cannot pierce ; every creature that is, from the noblest and brightest that ever left the creative hand down to the tiny speck of mica-sand hurrying along the river-bed to bury itself in ocean-ooze, and which, tiny as it is, not all the combined forces of nature could wholly destroy—all these God, as by willing He called them into being, so by willing, aye and by less than willing, could He reduce them to nought. All these things depended on Him for their creation. All these things

¹ *Summa Theol.* pt. i. q. 86, a. 5, ad 1m.

depend on Him for their preservation. All these things depend on Him in their every act and operation. He is Author, Sustainer, Finisher of them all. Then if the Almighty sought to blot out at once the universe He has made, to annihilate every being spiritual and material, He would not proceed by way of act or energy. He would not strike or thrust. He would not even put forth a positive act of will. He would but *cease to will* their existence. And in the instant of that cessation, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole creation would sink back into that original nothingness whence the creative *fiat* had drawn it forth, and the Three Divine Persons would again reign, as from eternity They had reigned, solitary, looking down on no such world as this, which pride and disbelief have gone so far to blur and spoil.

This is a thought calculated to check that lust for atheistical speculation to which we fear Sir George Stokes, however unwillingly, has given some countenance.

CHARLES COUPE.

The Abolition of Serfdom in England.

I.

SERFDOM disappeared in this country earlier than in any other country in Europe. Therefore, in tracing the process of the abolition of serfdom, it will be most convenient to begin with England. We say England, and not the British Isles; for, as we have shown, although slavery existed in Ireland until the twelfth century, yet we do not find in Irish history any evidence of that middle state between slavery and freedom which we call serfdom. It may be said, and with much truth, that practical serfdom has existed in Ireland down to our own days in the shape of forced labour, restrictions upon marriage, and uncertain rents, under the penalty of eviction. But these conditions, however tyrannical, differ essentially from serfdom; for the serf could not be evicted, except from one part of the manor to another, nor had he the power of giving up his holding if he wished. We may therefore dismiss Ireland altogether from our present inquiry. It is not easy to obtain any accurate information about serfdom in Scotland. In all probability Northern Scotland, being a colony from Ireland, planted there Irish customs, and the land was held by the clan in the same way as by the Irish sept. Slavery existed from early times, but it is doubtful whether serfdom ever obtained, except in the southern part. Though even here the Scotch system of tribal occupation seems rather to have invaded the northern counties of England, than to have allowed serfdom to be borrowed from England. Domesday Book tells us nothing about *servi*, or *bordarii*, or *cottarii*, or *villani* either in Lancashire, Westmoreland, Durham, Cumberland, or Northumberland. Northumbria extended from Edinburgh down to Derbyshire, and the parallel province of Strathclyde included Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire.

In the absence of exact information, we may leave the

question of serfdom in Scotland. Mr. Seeböhm quotes¹ the *Rotulus Redituum* of the Abbey of Kelso, a few miles from the border of Northumberland, which proves that in the thirteenth century the abbey-lands there were reckoned by Virgates, or, as they were there called, "husband-lands," composed of two bovates, or ox-gangs. The services for these lands are set out in the *Rotulus*, and it is stated that each "husband" took with his land his outfit, viz., two oxen, one horse, three chalders of oats, six bolls of barley, and three of wheat. "But when Abbot Richard commuted that service into money, then they returned their *stuht* (or outfit), and paid each for his husband-land 18s. per annum." It does not appear from this quotation whether these "husbandmen" were serfs or free-tenants; indeed, from the fixed amount of the rent, one would be disposed to think that they were free-tenants.

Now, to confine ourselves to England, we need not recapitulate the evidence already given of the existence of serfdom from the earliest Saxon times to the Norman Conquest, and of the disappearance of serfdom in the sixteenth century; so that, though legally not abolished until the time of Charles the Second, it had practically ceased to exist at the time when Sir Thomas Smith wrote, as the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth in Paris, his work on the Commonwealth of England. We saw also, from the comparison of the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum* of the tenth century, with the various services of the *gebur* and *cotzes*, all in labour or kind, with the corresponding services of the *villanus* and *cottarius* in the thirteenth century, when the services of the *villanus* were commuted for so much money, that this commutation marks the gradual improvement in the condition of the *villein*, and his approach to the status of a free tenant.

But here we are stopped by a question which it is important to have satisfactorily answered before we pass on to the abolition of serfdom. We have assumed that all holders of land except those described as *sochmanni*, or *liberi tenentes*, were serfs. This has, however, been sometimes indignantly denied; and the question deserves a more complete investigation. We shall, therefore, give the grounds upon which we maintain the real serfdom of the English *villani*, and it will be seen how some modern writers have not unnaturally been led into the mistake of supposing them freemen.

¹ *English Village Community*, p. 61.

Let us then, first of all, ascertain what position the *villein* held in the eye of English law, and our first authority shall be Blackstone's *Commentaries*. Blackstone was by no means inclined to admit the rights of slavery, or to restrict the liberties of the subject; yet, when he comes to treat of the tenure of land, and the history of copyhold, he says:

Now with regard to the folk-land, or estates held in villenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all. . . . These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either *villeins regardants*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held, indeed, small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased, and it was upon villein services, . . . and their services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. . . . In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord; and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents; whence they were called in Latin *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neife*. . . . The law, however, protected the persons of villeins, as the King's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein, though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in the case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. (Bk. ii. c. vi.)

It is very clear from this that Blackstone held that all the various grades of villeins were just as much serfs as those recently emancipated in Russia. But, it may be urged, Blackstone may not have examined the ancient records with that critical acumen that is the especial glory of modern research. Now there is a certain self-sufficiency about some of our modern critics, which often misleads them in examining an ancient record. They discover a sentence, apparently inconsistent with the generally received ideas upon the subject, and jump to the conclusion that older writers have all been in the dark until they revealed this new light. Whereas it often turns out that

they have overlooked the context of the passage on which they have founded their novel theory. We will, therefore, go back to the most ancient of commentators upon English law, the learned Archdeacon of Barnstaple, Henry de Bracton, who composed his great work on *The Laws and Customs of England* about the year 1270, towards the end of the long reign of Henry the Third. The system of villenage was in full swing at this time, and Bracton must have been thoroughly acquainted with all the phases of it. In the first chapter of his First Book, on the Primary Division of Persons, he lays down :

Every man is either a freeman or a bondman (*servus*). But to this an objection may be made from the case of the *ascripticius* (as he is called, that is the man bound to the land), because he is really a freeman, although he be bound to a certain service.

Now, one can easily understand a man looking into Bracton, and, after reading this sentence, going away with the idea that Bracton regarded the villeins, who were bound to the land, *ascripticii*, as not serfs, but freemen. But Bracton continues :

The brief solution of this difficulty is, that, from him who is free, the villenage or service takes away nothing of his freedom, if the distinction be maintained whether such persons are *villani* and held in villen socage of the demesne of our lord the King, concerning whom we shall treat further on. (fol. 1.)

Turning to the passage a few pages further on, we read :

In the demesne of our lord the King, there are many sorts of men. There are bondmen (*servi*), whether *nativi* before the Conquest, at the Conquest, and after, and they hold villenages and by villein and uncertain services, and whatever may be required of them, so long as it be lawful and honest. Also, there were at the Conquest free-tenants, *liberi homines*, who freely held their tenements by free service, or by free customs; and when they were ejected by more powerful persons, they afterwards came back, and received again those same tenements of theirs to be held in villenage, doing henceforward servile works, but fixed and specified. And these are called *glebe ascripticii*, and nevertheless they are freemen, because, although they do servile works, yet they do not do them by reason of the (servile) condition of their persons, but on account of the condition of their holdings (*ratione tenementorum*). . . . And so they are called *glebe ascripticii*, because they enjoy such privilege that they cannot be removed from the glebe, so long as they pay the pensions due, to whomsoever the demesne of

our lord the King shall pertain, nor can they be compelled to hold that tenement unless they choose. There is also another sort of men on the manor of our lord the King, and these hold of the demesne, and by the same customs and villein-services, as those just mentioned, and they are not in villenage, nor are they bondmen (*servi*), nor were they at the Conquest, but they hold by a certain agreement which they have made with the lords, and so some of them have charters and some not. . . . There are also other sorts of men who hold freely and in free socage and by military service by new feoffment, and this since the Conquest. Also, under the dominion of lords, there are freemen possessed as serfs (*servi*), and who sometimes proclaim their liberty, and who may be said to be in the state of bondmen (*servi*), though they are free, on the same ground that bondmen may be said to be in the state of freemen when they are fugitives, and out of their lords' power. (fol. 7.)

Further on again, he says :

The holding does not change the status of the freeman any more than that of the serf. For a freeman may hold a simple villenage, doing whatever belongs to the villenage, and nevertheless he will be free, since he does this on account of the villenage, and not on account of his own person, and so he can desert the villenage when he pleases, unless he has been ensnared by a serf-wife (*nativam*) to do this, and had gone in to her in villenage, and she could prevent his departing. For there is simple villenage, to which belongs a service uncertain and unspecified, in which a man cannot know in the evening what service must be done the next morning, as where one is bound to do whatever is commanded him. Again, villein-socage does not alter the status of a freeman any more than free-socage. But, although the services of the villein-socage become fixed, the tenant will not on this account have a free holding, because he does this service on account of the holding, and not on account of his own personality. However, he may hold it by fixed and stipulated services, yet by agreement and consent of the lords, for life or in feof, and in this case, the agreement and consent of the lords make it free for him, since the works are fixed and specified, although the works done, tallage, &c., are servile. But to give merchetum for a daughter, among other things, does not belong to freeman, on account of the privilege of free blood ; and hence on the demesnes of our lord the King, a distinction will be made between freemen, and villein-sochmanni, who are born on the demesne, and from ancient times have held their land in villenage. Also between simple villeins, and those who are so by circumstances, and hold by fixed and stipulated services stipulated by agreement, although they resemble the villein-sochmanni ; yet their condition is not the same, because in the person of the one there is a free holding, and in the person of the other there is villenage. (*Ib.*)

It will be seen that the distinctions drawn out in these passages of Bracton, show clearly that villeins, properly so called, were real serfs; while the case he mentions, of freemen holding land in villenage, and doing for it villein-services, while they themselves were free, readily accounts for the mistake that has been made by those who have regarded the villein as not a serf but a freeman. The fact that the villein in France, in the later middle ages, was a freeman, has doubtless assisted to confirm this mistake. But it was much more easy to obtain freedom in France than it was in England, because there the offspring of a serf and a free-woman was free; whereas, in England, if, according to Bracton, "a *villanus* lives with a free-woman in a free tenement the offspring will be a serf (*servus*).” And “he is called a serf, who is begotten of one of a free nation who has united himself with a *villana* living in villenage, whether that union be a marriage union or not.”

Again, it is supposed by many modern writers, that in early Saxon times the villeins were freemen, but that as the royal power increased, the condition of these tenant-farmers became more and more grievous, until from freemen they sank into serfs. Thus, Mr. Charles Elton, in his valuable work, *The Origins of English History*, says:

The whole country passed in time under the power of the King, the Church, and the Thanes; and as the jurisdiction of the lords was gradually converted into ownership of the lands in their districts, the descendants of freemen fell under onerous rents and services, and in many cases became serfs and bondmen. (p. 403.)

In proof of this he adds a note, giving an extract from the Record of the Court of Common Pleas in the eighteenth year of Edward the First, in which it is stated that:

T. R. is the villein of one Folliott, therefore the latter can tax him high and low (*de alto et de basso*), and he must pay a fine of *merchetum* for his flesh and blood (at his daughter's marriage).

Now the investigations of Mr. Seebohm prove that, at the time of Edward the First, the services of the villeins were much less servile, and less onerous than they were in the twelfth century; and that these again were not so heavy as they had been in the tenth century, in Saxon times. And, comparing the tenth century with the times of King Alfred, and even with those of King Ine of Wessex, the further back we go, the more

hard and servile do we find the condition of the villein. In Edward the First's time, nearly all the villein's services could be commuted for a money payment, but in the earlier times they had to be worked out, without any such alternative. Mr. Seebohm sums up the result of his inquiry in the following words :

Throughout the whole period, from pre-Roman to modern times, we found in Britain two parallel systems of rural economy, side by side, but keeping separate and working themselves out on quite different lines, in spite of Roman, English, and Norman invasions—that of the *village* community in the eastern, that of the *tribal* community in the western districts of the island. Neither the village nor the tribal community seems to have been introduced into Britain during a historical period reaching back for two thousand years at least.

On the one hand, the village community of the eastern districts of Britain was connected with a settled agriculture; which, apparently dating earlier than the Roman invasion, and improved during the Roman occupation, was carried on at length, under that three-field form of the open-field system, which became the shell of the English village community. The equality in its yard-lands and the single succession which preserved this equality we have found to be apparently marks, not of an original freedom, not of an original allodial allotment on the German "mark system," but of a settled serfdom under a lordship—a semi-servile tenancy, implying a mere usufruct, theoretically only for life, or at will, and carrying with it no inherent rights of inheritance. But this serfdom, as we have seen reason to believe, was, to the masses of the people, not a degradation, but a step upward out of a once more general slavery. Certainly during the twelve hundred years, over which the direct English evidence extends, the tendency has been towards more and more of freedom. In other words, as time went on during these twelve hundred years, the serfdom of the old order of things has been gradually breaking up under those influences, whatever they may have been, which have produced the new order of things.¹

We have already attempted to describe the daily life of an English serf in the middle ages. The value of his labour, and the cost of the necessities of life, have been carefully calculated and compared with modern equivalents by Mr. Thorold Rogers in his interesting volumes, *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*. Mr. Rogers says, that "except that the thirteenth century villager was greatly better off, there was little change induced on the rustic's condition in many parts of England from the

¹ *English Village Community*, pp. 437, 438.

middle of the thirteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century."¹ He sums up the income and the expenditure of a man farming twenty acres of land, and computes that "he might be supplied abundantly from the produce of his farm, debiting himself with the cost of his own produce, and laying aside 20s. a year (equivalent to at least £12 of our present money), with which hereafter, as opportunity might arise, he might increase his holding, portion his daughters, provide for his widowed mother, or put forward his son in the Church, or any similar advantageous calling. Such may be fairly taken to represent the receipts and expenditure of those small land-owners, who were, as I have frequently stated, so numerous in the thirteenth century."² "All the necessities of life in ordinary years, when there was no dearth, were abundant and cheap. . . . Meat was plentiful; poultry found everywhere; eggs cheapest of all. The poorest and meanest man had no absolute and insurmountable impediment put in his way on his career, if he would seize his opportunity and make use of it."³ It is perhaps well for us, who talk complacently of the advantages of civilization, to be reminded by Mr. Rogers, "that there is collected a population in our great towns which equals in amount the whole of those who lived in England and Wales six centuries ago; but whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain, whose prospects are more hopeless, than those of the poorest serfs of the middle ages and the meanest drudges of the mediæval cities."⁴

We cannot agree with Mr. Rogers in thinking that the English serf was better off than the French peasant in the middle ages. The French serf always maintained his hold on the land, which the English serf lost when he became emancipated, and this seems to be the origin of our present pauperism; while the French peasant is the proprietor of the soil which he cultivates, and has been so from the time of his emancipation. But it is time that we should pass on to the occasion of the cessation of serfdom in England.

We have seen how, in the reign of Edward the First, money payments in lieu of labour dues, had become the practice for the villeins, though not for the bordars or cottiers. The money compensation was more easy to collect than the labour dues to enforce; and ready money was often more useful to the lord than the forced labour of the serf. Thus we may say safely

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 84.² *Op. cit.* p. 177.³ *P.* 184.⁴ *P.* 186.

that, in the time of Edward the Third, the compensation was generally in use, except on the monastic lands. But while Edward was gaining his victories in France, a more formidable foe had invaded England. Edward's daughter, the Princess Joan, died of the plague on her way to be married to Don Pedro of Castile ; and in the same year, 1348, the Black Death made its appearance at Bridport, and travelled slowly westwards and northwards, through Devon and Somerset to Bristol. In vain the authorities strove to isolate Bristol, the plague spread to Oxford, and then to London by the 1st of November. At the beginning of 1349, it reached Norwich, and travelling further north, it was caught by a Scottish army ravaging the borders, and they spread the contagion through Scotland. The mortality was appalling. It is probable that one-third of the population perished. All classes suffered from its devastations. The immediate consequence was a great dearth of labour, an abnormally high rate of wages, and a serious difficulty in the collection of the harvests of those who depended on a supply of hired labour. We are told that the crops often rotted in the fields for want of hands ; cattle wandered at large over the country for lack of herdsman, and much land went out of cultivation. Many of the lords excused their tenants' rent, lest they should quit their holdings, sometimes reducing the rents by one half, sometimes remitting it for a term of years. Knighton says :

They who had let lands on labour-rents to tenants, such rents as are customary in villeinage, were compelled to relieve and remit such labour, and either to utterly excuse them, or to rehabilitate their tenants on easier terms and less payments, lest the loss and ruin should become irreparable and the land lie utterly uncultivated.¹

This shows that the lords found themselves compelled to make new compositions with their tenants in villeinage, and that they accepted a less money compensation than heretofore. In fact, to use the expression of Mr. Rogers, "The plague had almost emancipated the surviving serfs."² In vain did the King, by proclamation through the sheriffs of each county, forbid the payment of higher wages than usual. In vain did he punish by heavy fines those who disobeyed his mandate. The labourers

¹ Quoted by Mr. Rogers, *Op. cit.* p. 227.

² *Op. cit.* p. 227.

were the masters of the situation. At last, when Parliament assembled, a statute was passed, enacting :

1. No person under sixty years of age, whether serf or free, shall decline to undertake farm labour at the wages which had been customary in the King's twentieth year (1347), except they lived by merchandise, were regularly engaged in some mechanical craft, were possessed of private means, or were occupiers of land. The lord was to have the first claim to the labour of his serfs, and those who decline to work for him or for others are to be sent to the common gaol.
2. Imprisonment is decreed against all persons who may quit service before the time which is fixed in their agreements.
3. No other than the old wages are to be given, and the remedy against those who seek to get more is to be sought in the lord's court.
4. Lords of manors paying more than the customary amount are to be liable to treble damages.
5. Artificers are to be liable to the same conditions, saddlers, tanners, farriers, shoemakers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, masons, tilers, pargetters, carters, and others.
6. Food must be sold at reasonable prices.
7. Alms are strictly forbidden to able-bodied labourers.
8. Any excess of wages taken or paid can be seized for the King's use, towards the payment of a fifteenth and tenth lately granted. Summer and winter wages may differ ; but town population is not to migrate to the country in summer.¹

It was found practically impossible to prevent evasions of this "Statute of Labourers." Taking the period from 1350 to 1400, it appears that the value of agricultural labour of all kinds was fifty per cent. higher than in the first half of the century, while the price of agricultural produce remained what it was before. The price of everything on which labour was expended increased enormously ; so that the landlord had to pay dearly for everything that he wished to buy, and could only obtain an extremely low price for what he had to sell. On the other hand, the serf, as well as the free labourer, found everything that he needed was as cheap as ever, while his labour was daily rising in value. He had bargained for his labour-rent, and was free to choose his market. If the bailiff would give him his price, well ; if not, there were plenty of hands wanted in the next village, or a short distance off. Besides, the agricultural population were no longer in scattered manorial groups, each isolated from the other ; there was an active band of agita-

¹ Stat. 23 Edw. III. was made more stringent two years afterwards, and still more so by 34 Edw. III. c. x. See Reeves' *History of English Law*, vol. ii. pp. 272—276.

tors, who kept the peasants in one locality acquainted with what was going on elsewhere, and thus enabled the serfs and free-labourers of the fourteenth century to resist successfully all attempts to carry out the Statute of Labourers. The more we study the subject, the more convinced we become that Mr. Thorold Rogers is right in saying that "Wycliffe's poor priests had honeycombed the minds of the upland folk (as the peasantry were described) with what may be called religious socialism."¹

We cannot be accused of unfairness towards Wycliffe if we take our estimate of his political ideas from Mr. Reginald Lane Poole, who has carefully edited his treatise, *De Civili Dominio*, or "Civil Lordship," which contains his theory of government and the rights of property. Mr. Poole says:

Wycliffe begins his book by the proposition, of which the latter part was already noted as dangerous by Gregory the Eleventh in 1377, that no one in mortal sin has any right to any gift of God, while, on the other hand, every man standing in grace has not only a right to, but has, in fact, all the gifts of God. . . . All lordship of man, natural or civil, is conferred on him by God, as the prime Author, in consideration of his returning continually to God the service due unto Him; but by the fact that a man, by omission or commission, becomes guilty of mortal sin, he defrauds his Lord-in-Chief of the said service, and by consequence incurs forfeiture. Wherefore . . . he is rightly to be deprived of all lordship whatsoever. . . . By means of this . . . the way is prepared for Wycliffe's second main principle, namely, that the righteous is lord of all things, or, in precise terms, every righteous man is lord over the whole sensible world. . . . He is not afraid to pursue his doctrine to the logical conclusion that, as there are many righteous, and each is lord of the universe, all goods must necessarily be held in common. . . . Any objections to the doctrine he dismisses as sophistical.²

Mr. Poole thinks that

If we are startled by the premature socialism of the thesis, we have to bear in mind that Wycliffe had yet to learn its effects in practical life, as displayed in the excesses of the rebels in 1381. Such application, indeed, was never in his mind. (p. 299.)

We may be permitted to doubt this. Whatever else he was, John Wycliffe was no fool. He zealously indoctrinated a numerous band of "poor priests" with his theories, and sent them—under the protection probably of John of Gaunt, the

¹ P. 254. ² *Illustrations of the History of Mediæval Thought*, pp. 293—295.

Princess of Wales, and other powerful friends, whose jealousy of the Bishops blinded them to the danger—sent them into all parts of the country, with the Bible, as Mr. Poole puts it, “translated into the language of feudalism.” Mr. Poole sees clearly enough :

However ideal the principle on which Wycliffe goes, it has none the less a very plain meaning when applied to the circumstances of the religious organism in the writer’s own time. (p. 300.)

It is true that Wycliffe made a reservation. He stated it in his famous paradox, “God ought to obey the devil,” by which, Mr. Poole says, he meant “that no one can escape from the duty of obedience to existing powers, be those powers never so depraved.”

It is difficult to imagine that Wycliffe was so ignorant of human nature as to suppose that men would be deterred, by this reservation, from putting into practice his fundamental principles, as soon as they got an opportunity. The very paradoxical form in which the reservation was made, rendered it all the more certain to be rejected, as in fact it was. Mr. Thorold Rogers says :

By Wycliffe’s labours the Bible men had been introduced to the new world of the Old Testament, to the history of the human race, to the primeval garden and the young world, where the first parents of all mankind lived by simple toil, and were the ancestors of the proud noble and knight, as well as of the down-trodden serf and despised burgher. They read of the brave times when there was no king in Israel, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, and sat under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. . . . But most of all, the preacher would dwell on his own prototype, on the man of God, the wise prophet who denounced kings and princes and high priests, and, by God’s commission, made them like unto a potter’s vessel in the day of His wrath ; or on those bold judges, who were zealous even to slaying. . . . And when they told them that the lords had determined to drag them back to their old serfdom, the preacher could discourse to them of the natural equality of man, of the fact that all—kings, lords, and priests—live by the fruits of the earth and the labour of the husbandman, and that it would be better for them to die with arms in their hands than to be thrust back, without an effort on their part, into the shameful slavery from which they had been delivered.¹

There seems great probability in Mr. Rogers’ theory, that the rising of the peasants was precipitated by attempts, on the

¹ *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, p. 255.

part of the landlords, to insist upon the serfs performing their labour services, instead of the very inadequate money compensation, which had by this time become general. The popular account connects the rising with an insult to the daughter of Wat Tyler by the collector of the obnoxious poll-tax, but there must have been some deeper and more general cause to have occasioned so wide-spread a rising.

Bishop Stubbs, in his *Constitutional History*, says :

The rising of the commons is one of the most portentous phenomena to be found in the whole of our history. The extent of the area over which it spread, the extraordinary rapidity with which intelligence and communication passed between the different sections of the revolt, the variety of cries and causes which combined to produce it, the mystery which pervades its organization, its sudden collapse and its indirect permanent results, give it a singular importance both constitutionally and socially. North and south, east and west, it broke out within so short a space of time as makes it impossible to suppose it to have arisen, like an accidental conflagration, from mere ordinary contact of materials.¹

The rustics of Essex were the first to rise. Walsingham, a monk of St. Albans, tells us that they were "those whom we call *nativi* or *bondi*," that is, serfs, together with the *accoli*, perhaps free labourers. They flocked up to London, crying that all were to be lords, and there were to be no more serfs. As soon as the peasants of Kent, where serfdom had died out, heard of it, they too assembled in large bands, and filled the roads towards the metropolis, seized upon all pilgrims to Canterbury, and compelled them to swear loyalty to the King and the Commons. The Princess of Wales was stopped by them on her way to London, and the "Fair Maid of Kent" had

¹ "Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, Middlesex, Hants, Sussex, Kent, and Somerset, are mentioned in the Rolls of Parliament; Huntingdon in the Records of Evesham Monastery. For Kent, Devon, Cambridge, and Herts the presentments of the juries are extant in the Archives of Canterbury. At Cambridge the townsfolk burned the charters of the University before May 1, 1381; the mayor and bailiffs seem to have joined the revolt in June, or to have taken advantage of it to attack the Colleges. Besides the southern seats of rebellion, Froissart (c. 76) mentions Lancashire, York, Lincoln, and Durham as ready to rise." (Op. cit. vol. ii. p. 450.) Bishop Stubbs mentions Devon, and cites the Canterbury Archives, which the present writer has not been able to consult; but he also says, "Knighton describes the rising in Devonshire." (c. 2639). Now, I have looked carefully through Knighton's account of the rebellion, and cannot find the faintest allusion to Devonshire, so that this usually most accurate historian must either have made a clerical error, or have trusted to the reference of some other author on this point. I have been unable as yet to find any proof of Devonshire having taken part in this rebellion.

to allow herself to be kissed by the leaders before she was permitted to proceed. Their animosity was especially excited against Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. Froissart tells us :

A crazy priest in the county of Kent, called John Ball, every Sunday after Mass, as the people were coming out of church, used to assemble a crowd around him in the market-place and preach. His favourite text was a popular rhyme :

When Adame dalve, and Eave span,
Who was then a gentleman ?

And he would say : " My good friends, matters cannot go on well in England until all things shall be in common, when there shall be neither vassals nor lords, when the lords shall be no more masters. How ill do they behave to us ? For what reason do they thus hold us in bondage ? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve ? And what can they show, and what reason can they give, why they should be more masters than ourselves ? They are clothed in velvet and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothing. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, while we have only rye and the refuse of the straw, and when we drink it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, while we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field, and it is by our labour they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves, and if we do not perform our service we are beaten, and we have no sovereign to whom we can complain, or who would be willing to hear us. Let us go to the King, and remonstrate with him ; he is young, and from him we may obtain a favourable answer, and if not we must ourselves seek to amend our condition.¹

The Archbishop heard of these inflammatory harangues, and had John Ball arrested and imprisoned for three months ; but as soon as he was released he returned to his old courses, and soon had to be imprisoned again. When the rising took place, he was in prison at Maidstone ; but the mob speedily released their favourite orator, who joined them on Blackheath, where about one hundred thousand ill-clad and half-armed peasants were assembled under the leadership of Wat Tyler. John Ball preached on his usual text, and proceeded to exhort this undisciplined crowd to " shorten by the head " the lords spiritual and temporal, the judges, the lawyers, and all pen and inkhorn men who belonged either to Westminster Hall or to the Court Christian. These fellows, said he, are all of them enemies to

¹ *Chronicles*, c. ix.

the liberty of the Commons, and are not to be endured. When they are despatched, servitude and poverty will die with them.

Hitherto they had observed a certain degree of moderation. But now they declared Ball to be a prophet sent to them from Heaven, and that he was the only person fit to be at once Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor. A council of war was held, in which it was decided that the way should be cleared for Ball by the Archbishop being put to death, and that certain other obnoxious persons should be executed without the formality of a trial. Having done this, they issued a proclamation in the King and the Commons, making no mention of the Bishops or the Temporal nobility. This was on Thursday, June 12, 1381, being the feast of Corpus Christi. The lowest part of the London mob fraternized with the rustics, and the following morning they entered the city, the citizens being terrified at their numbers. They burnt to the ground the stately palace of the Duke of Lancaster in the Savoy—the Duke was then in Scotland—and threw his gold and silver plate and jewels into the river. One, who was secreting a piece of plate for himself, was flung with his booty into the fire, for they professed to be reformers and not thieves. But they were not so scrupulous about liquor, for they drank so much of John of Gaunt's good wine, that thirty-two of them were unable to escape from the burning palace, and perished in its ruins. They destroyed the Temple, as the head-quarters of the lawyers, and burnt all parchments, deeds, rent-rolls, and papers that they could lay their hands on. Reinforcements came in from Barnet and St. Albans, and then they sent a message to the King in the Tower, demanding to have the Archbishop and the Lord Treasurer and other obnoxious persons handed over to them. The King was a youth of fifteen, and though he had twelve hundred well-armed soldiers, yet such terror seemed to have seized upon all, that on Friday morning, when the King had ridden out to Mile End, they actually invited the drunken, brutal mob to enter the fortress and search for themselves.

They rushed across the moat, and pushed one another through the corridors, and swarmed all over the palace. Passing from room to room, they reached the royal apartments, and did not even respect the bed-room of the Princess of Wales. They treated the highest of the nobles with the most terrific familiarity, stroked their beards with their filthy hands, and

greeted them in terms of jocular endearment. They seated themselves on chairs of state, and even on the King's bed, and asked the Princess for a kiss. They probed her bed with their pikes on pretence of searching for their enemies, so that she fainted with terror.

At last they found the Archbishop. Simon de Sudbury had prepared for his fate with the calm courage of a martyr. He had spent the night in prayer and penitential exercises, and was making his thanksgiving after Mass when the yells of the mob sounded nearer and nearer the chapel. They dragged him from the Tower, and carried him with shouts of triumph to Tower Hill, where the main body of the rioters were assembled. The Archbishop attempted to reason with his murderers. He reminded them that murder was a heinous sin, that he was a priest and an archbishop, and that his murder would compel the Pope to lay England under an interdict. But the men of Kent laughed him to scorn. He was a sinner, said these followers of Wycliffe, and therefore could be no true priest or archbishop; and what cared they for Pope or interdict? He prepared for death; but, before he laid his head on the block, he forgave the wretch who was about to despatch him, and who did his business so clumsily that it was not until the eighth blow that the head of Simon de Sudbury fell to the ground, and after being exposed to numerous indignities, was finally fastened up on London Bridge, and no one dared to bury the mutilated corpse. Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John's, and several others were next despatched, and many were executed at hap-hazard, without any definite reason. No church or sanctuary was respected, and the very altars were defiled with blood.¹

The young King seems to have been the first to regain his courage; and we need not repeat the well-known story of how he met the rioters at Smithfield, how the Lord Mayor struck down the insolent Wat Tyler, and how Richard by his presence of mind and tact appeased and dispersed the mob, and recovered his all but lost royal authority. But we cannot pass over the demands of the peasants at Mile End. They were:

1. That all men should be free from servitude and bondage, so that from henceforth there should be no bondmen.
2. That the King should pardon all men, of what state soever, all manner of actions and insurrection committed, and all manner of

¹ See Walsingham, *Hist. Angl.* i. pp. 460—463.

treasons, felonies, transgressions, and extortions, by any of them done, and to grant them peace.

3. That all men from henceforth might be enfranchised to buy and sell in every county, city, borough, town, fair, market, or other place within the realm of England.

4. That no acre of land, holden in bondage or service, should be holden but for four pence, and if it had been holden for less in former times, it should not hereafter be enhanced.¹

The King had at first granted these demands, and gave charters signed and sealed, with one of his banners, to the representatives of each county, but when Tyler declared that he was not satisfied, and threatened further outrage, the King revoked the charters.

¹ Stowe, *Survey of London*, p. 288.

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOPES AND FEARS.

BUT brief was the looking back! Before the second day, regret for Mrs. Ennis's death was less keen than speculation about the future of the inn, with the fortunes of which the prosperity of so many in the district was more or less bound up. Every one knew that Mrs. Ennis had only a life interest in "The Harp," which now by her husband's will devolved upon his two nephews. What would happen? Would the brothers, or either of them, come back to their native place and manage the inn? It was hardly likely that Justin Ennis would give up the good appointment he was said to hold in Canada; but George Ennis had not done so well in his career. He had been wild and unfortunate. It was likely enough that he had learned "sinse" by this; and faith, he might do worse than return to the business to which, "in a manner speaking," he had been born.

Justin Ennis would not be at the funeral; that was impossible. But George would, of course, travel to Glencoonoge, where he had not been seen now for several years. People wondered whether George Ennis would have changed much. Every one was prepared to welcome him kindly, and to let him see that they were willing to forget his old reputation and let him start fair. When one, two, and three days passed, it was marvelled at that he did not appear, nor even make a sign in answer to the intimation which had been sent him. At last, Mr. Jardine, who as executor of Mr. Ennis's will was master-in-chief and director-general of everything, told the book-keeper and Conn that he had had a letter from Mr. George Ennis. The terrible news of his lamented aunt's death, George wrote, had been broken to him just as he was recovering from a severe illness, which he had concealed from his revered relative for fear of causing her distress. The

catastrophe had utterly prostrated him in mind and body. His doctor forbade his attempting to travel, and insisted upon perfect rest. More than once he had determined at all risks to disregard the advice of his physician, eminent though he was, and fatal though the consequences might be. But grief and exhausted nature had asserted themselves at every fresh endeavour to rise from his sick bed. One consolation he had in his severe trouble, and that was the knowledge that in Mr. Jardine's hands everything would be done in a becoming manner. There was more which Mr. Jardine did not read, but he told them so much, he said, that they might make it generally known; so that people might not misunderstand the absence of Mrs. Ennis's favourite nephew.

There Mr. Jardine left the matter for the present. But the announcement only gave a new turn to public criticism and anxiety, with a result not favourable to the newly-budding estimate of George's improvement. His old extravagances were enlarged upon, and no doubt magnified. His improvidence, as I knew, and as I found now was generally known, had been from time to time a source of vexation and anxiety to Mrs. Ennis, and many did not hesitate to assert that it had caused her death. He was ill was he? too ill to be able to come to his aunt's funeral? So this was what his way of living had brought him to! If he was really as bad as he said, the chances were he would die. And then? That query launched the speculatists upon a sea of uncertainty. Only one thing seemed sure, namely, that some stranger would henceforth rule "The Harp," and no heart was sanguine enough to be cheered by such a prospect.

Thus did the death of Mrs. Ennis by degrees assume the character of a public loss. The day and hour came when the mistress of "The Harp" was borne away from the scene of her sway, followed by no one of her own blood. After all, kindred can but mourn and cherish the memory of their dead; and if Mrs. Ennis, as so often happens to prosperous people, died childless, her funeral train was still not that of one who passes away unhonoured and unwept. Great numbers of people came from far and near to be present at her burying. Many a heart moved with unaffected sorrow, and many a spontaneous salutation of farewell greeted the appearance of the coffin and accompanied its progress, as Conn and three of his brethren, William the son of Murtagh Hoolahan, and Jan Harrington

the boatman, bore her on filial shoulders out of the portals that had been hers so long; past and away from the garden she had tended from year to year. The crowd, swelled and lengthened, following slowly along the distance of some five hundred yards between the inn and the Protestant church. The O'Doherty, Mr. Jardine, and I, together with the rector's wife and daughter, watched the procession as it approached, from the churchyard, at the gate of which the rector, surpliced, was waiting to receive the coffin.

"Hypocrites!" muttered Mrs. Fleming, after surveying the crowd for some time in scornful silence. "It would be more respectful, I think, for them to stay at home. Look at them on such an occasion in all the colours of the rainbow!"

"Oh, the poor people, God help them!" exclaimed Mr. Jardine.

"Poor! They are poor because they are improvident," retorted the rector's lady. "Even so, one could forgive their tawdry appearance if this profession of sorrow were anything but a mockery. But there is a motive in it all, rest assured. They have a keen eye to the main chance these people, and their coming here is to curry favour—or for some other reason."

"My dear madam——" began Mr. Jardine, but Mrs. Fleming interrupted him.

"If they really mourned our dear-departed sister, how is it they will not one of them enter our church or stand round the grave while my dear husband reads in his impressive way our thrice-beautiful burial service?"

"I should say, ma'am," said Mr. Jardine, "that if their object was to curry favour, they would not hesitate to do either the one or the other."

"Pray don't think I am upbraiding *you*, Mr. Jardine. Between *respectable* Roman Catholics and this rabble there is the difference of earth and heaven. As for these people, believe me, it is no motive of sturdy independence that will keep them outside our gates, but a low superstitious dread of that very coarse-looking priest of theirs."

The people, as Mrs. Fleming predicted, did not enter the gates of the churchyard, and even the bearers, having deposited their burden within the church, retired outside till their services should be again wanted. From the other side of the churchyard wall, and out of hearing of the heretical service, the interment was witnessed by many attentive eyes; and after the reading

of the prayers was finished, the people would have thronged into the churchyard to look in the grave, and cast into it each one a fragment of clay in token of good-will, but that Mrs. Fleming had told Sandy the sexton to lock the gate. In vain the people clamoured for admittance. Sandy was taciturnly obdurate: and it was a source of great satisfaction to the worthy rector and his good lady, then and long after, to see and recollect how disappointed and annoyed the people were at being locked out, and the resentful looks they cast backwards as they turned away.

The O'Doherty, Mr. Jardine, and I strolled back together in the direction of the inn, all more or less depressed; and as we were anxious to escape its emptiness, The O'Doherty and I accepted Mr. Jardine's offer of a lift on his car to the Castle; while Mr. Jardine, on his part, when we had got there, did not require much pressing to dismount and postpone for an hour or two his solitary ride homewards. As little as possible was said about the funeral or subjects connected with it, and we threw ourselves with such energy into other topics, and managed to extract so much amusement out of them, that when Mr. Jardine went away, both he and the rest of us were much raised in spirits. He promised that he would often look in upon us, for now, until affairs were settled at the inn, he would be backwards and forwards a good deal.

Mr. Jardine was as good as his word, and as every time he came he brought some coveted piece of news, his visits were eagerly looked for. At one time we learned that in his capacity of executor he had received a communication from Messrs. Goble and Lend, in which they laid claim to the share of the property of the late Mr. Ennis devolving upon his nephew, Mr. George Ennis, whose reversionary interest they had purchased. The O'Doherty had been so much away from home of late that he was greatly shocked at this intelligence; but the lawyer had long ago divined that something of the kind had happened. A few days later Mr. Jardine read us a whining letter from the said George Ennis, who, in answer to Mr. Jardine's inquiries as to the accuracy of the statement made by the Dublin solicitors, admitted that it was only too true. He declared, with many asseverations, that circumstances had left him no alternative. But the sum he had received had been very much less than the value made over, especially as the reversion had

fallen in so much sooner than any one would have expected. The victim entreated Mr. Jardine, his good friend and his uncle's and aunt's kind and trusted adviser, not to desert *him* now, but to help him out of his difficulty if there was any method, any outlet by which the ill-advised and most rash and unfortunate compact could be escaped. If that were impossible, could not the firm, he urged, be induced to make some further allowance in consideration of the short time it had had to stand out of the money.

"Did you ever hear of such an idiot?" cried Mr. Jardine, excitedly, folding up the letter, "and the meanness of the fellow too! 'Gad, I'll have nothing to do with him. He must abide by his bargain. Not got the full value of his inheritance! Of course he has not, and serve him right. Was there ever a man so worried as I am!" continued Mr. Jardine, suddenly changing from a tone of indignation to one of despair. "I shall have now to write and tell the whole thing to his brother Justin in Canada. There's no way out of it that I can see but to bring the inn to the hammer, unless Justin and the firm come to some arrangement. I wish I was clear of the whole business, that's all I know. It'll be an interminable affair, and at the end be as far off settlement as it is now."

Such items of intelligence tended greatly to excite The O'Doherty. The attainment of his ambition, which had lately seemed so remote, was all at once in a marvellous manner, and, as it were, by the hand of Fate, brought within touch. Every day he became more anxious in considering the chances of getting "The Harp" into his hands, and more testily sensitive in regard to anything he heard which seemed to endanger them. Mr. Jardine must have talked elsewhere with as much freedom as he did at the Castle, for everything we knew was known at the inn and in the village; which made The O'Doherty, though not a lawyer, very jealous in regard to professional etiquette: for, as he said, Mr. Jardine had no business to make the affairs of his clients public property. But the news that the inn was likely to be in the market, had travelled even beyond Glencoonoge before many days. Lord Lisheen's agent, Mr. Hopkins, unexpectedly put in an appearance and was taken, at his own request, all over the inn by Conn, who also pointed out the boundaries of the land that belonged to it. When this came to The O'Doherty's ears he fell into extreme moodiness. Lord Lisheen was by far the wealthier man, and could afford to give

a heavier price for anything he might choose to set his heart on : and nothing was more likely, thought The O'Doherty, than that he would choose to become the possessor of his cousin's lost acres, if only to spite his cousin, with whom he had been at loggerheads off and on for years. Regarded from this point of view the case seemed desperate. But hopes soon again alternated with despair in The O'Doherty's reflections—hopes founded on the known avarice of Lord Lisheen, who did not like spending money, even when it was to gratify a pique, and on the less likely but, as it turned out, the well-founded surmise that possibly Lord Lisheen was only anxious to prevent a stranger from getting a foothold in the neighbourhood, and would be satisfied if the property were bought in by the descendant of its former owner. We all encouraged The O'Doherty in this idea, and urged him to put into execution the plan which sprang out of it, of going to Killany Abbey to see his cousin, and of talking the matter over with him in a frank and amicable spirit.

It was necessary to keep The O'Doherty's spirits up in this way, otherwise his depression and irritability would have become unbearable. And the encouragement he got was sincere enough as far as his children were concerned. They were infected by his eagerness, and hoped he would buy the inn, because he was so anxious to have it : they were too young to consider how the purchase would affect their interests, or to perceive that in the end their school-boy brother, and not they, would gain by the acquisition. But Madame O'Doherty saw that she would suffer inconvenience should the purchase involve even a temporary complication in The O'Doherty's affairs, already somewhat embarrassed. She accordingly held herself in reserve, listened to, and with her accustomed tact advised her husband, but refrained at the same time from showing how much she was opposed to his craze, preferring to await the development of events, and to avail herself of such opportunities as might hereafter arise of guiding the result in accordance with her wishes.

As often as I looked at Madame O'Doherty's face, so calm, so comfortably trustful in the good fortune which had never yet failed her, I wondered how it was I had received no answer from Mr. Chalmers, though a considerable time had now elapsed since I had written to him. Had he died of his illness? Had he left Cannes, and so missed my letter? One day about this time these questions received their settlement. I was going down to breakfast when I found Conn Hoolahan standing at the foot of

the staircase, and it was for me he was waiting. His face, which was serious, became more overcast when he saw me, and putting his hand into his breast-pocket, he drew out a letter. It had come some time before, he said; he remembered its arrival quite well, just in the thick of all the trouble; he had put it by, intending to give it me or send it—and the matter had gone clean out of his mind ever since, until this morning, when he had come upon it by accident.

The handwriting was unknown to me, but tearing the letter open and turning to the end I found it was signed, "Eustace Chalmers."

"Confound it!" said I, "this was a very important letter," and without saying more I skimmed through it rapidly. The writer gave unmistakable proofs that the track he had followed when he left Glencoonoge, led nowhere; and he quite disposed of the additional reasons advanced in my letter to him, in support of my certainty that the new mistress of Glencoonoge Castle was his sister. A feeling of something like dismay passed over me as I read. So the speculations I had delighted in were only castles in the air after all! Mr. Chalmers spoke of his illness and of that period in it when he seemed to have neither the power nor the desire to live longer. He spoke of his present enervation, of the sense of despairing weariness with which he regarded his fruitless search, and how he was without heart to renew it. So soon as he was fit to travel—if indeed he was destined to recover—he would proceed to London; perhaps he might there find some new ray of guidance; otherwise he must abandon, at least for a time, the pursuit of a forlorn hope. His French doctors recommended a sea voyage as the best restorative; and as a visit to Australia would be convenient in other ways, he would probably adopt their advice. In the meantime would I bear him in mind? He gave me Miss Walsingham's address in London and his own in Australia, in case I should ever have occasion to communicate with him.

Poor man! There was no trace in his letter of the energetic wilfulness which had once characterized him. In its place there appeared to have settled a resigned despondency such as a man might feel upon whom rests the shadow of the valley of death. Well! there was no more to be done. The letter was three weeks old. If I had had it three weeks sooner I could still have done nothing. Looking up I found Conn's eyes fixed on me penetratingly.

"I don't know that any great harm is done, Conn," said I, folding up the letter.

"I'm very glad to hear it, sir," he answered, greatly relieved, "but still I'm very sorry all the same it happened. We're all higgledy-piggledy, that's the truth, and none of us hardly knows what we're doing at all. Only just before I came over, there's a telegram from Mr. Jardine to say to have the books ready for some gentlemen who are coming to-day to look at them, and that he's coming himself to-morrow to take an inventory."

It did certainly look like business. We had seen nothing of the lawyer for the last five or six days, and did not know what new turn things might have taken in the interval.

"They say, sir," said Conn, hoping no doubt to gain some information in addition to that which he already possessed, "that The O'Doherty will buy the inn."

"I hear," I returned, "that Lord Lisheen has his eye on it."

"Egad, then we'd sooner have The O'Doherty, for he's on the spot and deals with his tenantry himself; and 'tis easier for a man to do harsh things when he does them through another, like Lord Lisheen with his agent."

Conn expounded his views with much volubility, and had the *pros* and *cons* of every conceivable contingency at his fingers' ends. Evidently the activity of speculation with which the neighbourhood was rife concerning the fate of "The Harp" had not been lost upon him. Hardly anything else was talked of. Nor was this to be wondered at, considering how many people were materially interested in the conduct and prosperity of the inn. Its stores were drawn from many a small farm round about Glencoonoge; and instinctively it was felt that it would be in the power of a new-comer to drive harder bargains than its late mistress had ever cared to profit by. The custom might even go altogether, suggested some alarmists, for a hard man could buy, and buy cheaper, in the Cork or Limerick market. But the theme was a many-sided one. When speculation on the future of the inn was for the nonce exhausted, there was the past to fall back upon. The elegy of "The Harp" was sung by voices young and old; but the old with their longer memories had here naturally the advantage. Old Matt Dwyer, head stableman and patriarch of the village, who had known Glencoonoge man and boy for over seventy years, was nearly past work now, and could not remember things infallibly when they had only happened yesterday or the day before, became on

this subject the oracle, the referee in disputes, and the only voice listened to when he was by. How many times and with what a zest did he not tell off on his fingers the names, dispositions, and peculiarities of the owners of the inn whom he had known, and of the others farther back that he had heard his father, and his grandfather, aye, and his great-grandfather talk of! What devils of fellows some of them were! Och! the daring things they did! And the sharp tongues they had! It was all very well to talk of Conn's luck, or to make out that Patsy Hoolahan could say the witty bright thing, or that it was Jerome that could dance, or Jan sing the good song; but you felt when Matt Dwyer told of the boys of *those* times, that there had been giants at Glencoonoge in the days of his grandfather and his father, and for the matter of that, in the time when he himself was young. Yes, Matt Dwyer would admit, the inn might be a larger place now than it was in those days; but it wasn't at all the cozy place it had been. It was duller, stupider, grander as it had grown. Date by date he could knock off for you the wing and each of the two side blocks as they had been added, leaving before you the plain white-washed one-storied inn as he had known it as a boy—the door in the centre, the window on each side of the door, the three plain windows in a row above. With a breath he could puff off the slate roof and reinstate the yellow moss-grown thatch he remembered, and which two generations before him had looked on: while, crowning triumphs! he could trace with trembling hand in air the faint shade, beneath the clematis and the great rose-tree, of part of the lettering of the inn's ancient name, which had in the course of years reappeared under the daub of white paint passed over it long ago; and he could point to the spot, where if you were to feel about beneath the climbing rose-tree, you would find the hole in which the beam was fixed from which swung, in days gone by, the board with an Irish harp painted on each side for a sign.

This very morning Matt Dwyer toddled up from the stables, drawn by the rumour about two gentlemen who were coming to see the inn and to look at the books; and when Conn was returning from the Castle he found the old man stationed within a few yards of the inn-door, surrounded by several open-mouthed listeners, amongst whom were Dan Hoolahan of the inn, Michael the herd, and Terence Mahony, a contradictory, unsteady fellow, whom it was never possible to identify with any occupation or place in particular.

"What's the news from the Castle?" sings out old Matt Dwyer to Conn, as the latter approaches.

"No news at all," says Conn, "excepting what's old. The O'Doherty and old Lord Lisheen are cuttin' each other's throats to see who'll buy the inn."

"To think of th' old 'Harp' changin' hands!" said Matt Dwyer, shaking his head sadly. "To think it'll be no more kep by an Ennis! I declare 'tis enough to make a man glad he hasn't long to live. There'll be nothin' any more like what it was. Four generations of them I've known; a grand race o' min intirely! Master George he's o' the same stock there's no denying, but not in the direct line, d'ye see. Tell me again the name of the man that robbed him?"

"Sure 'tis a firm of money-linding swindlers," said Dan. "What's this their name is, Conn?"

"Goble and Lend," answered Conn.

"Two on 'em!" exclaimed old Matt Dwyer, casting up his eyes and slightly raising his hands. "Two to one was never fair play in my time. I never heard tell on 'em. Are they from these parts?"

"No, sir, they're from Dublin. Dublin solicitors."

"Big cities is bad places," said old Matt, "and lawyers are the devil an' all."

"George Ennis was a fool," said Terence Mahony—Terence Mahony of all people! a man thirty years of age if he was a day, and not yet married! A pretty sort of fellow to be putting in his word!

"An' if he was a fool, what then?" asked old Matt Dwyer, getting very angry. "Would an honest man take advantage of a fool? Is that the way you larnt your catechism?"

"Why did he have anything to do with them when he knew he was no match for them?" persisted Terence Mahony.

"If he had known he was no match for them, would he have been a fool, tell me that? If you knew ye were no match for me, wouldn't ye be a wiser man than y'are?"

"What's the good o' talking!" said Terence Mahony, turning away and going and sitting by himself on the parapet of the stone wall.

"Never mind him!" cried Matt Dwyer; "but tell me, Conn, about them two gentlemen coming to-day, who are they at all and what are they coming for?"

"You know as much about them as I do, sir," said Conn.

"Two gentlemen, was all Mr. Jardine said. I don't know who they are. But I shouldn't wonder at all as they're coming to look over the place and the books, if they're not thinking of buying, too. Listen! Don't you hear the sound of carriage wheels?"

Matt Dwyer said he heard nothing, and that it was all Conn's imagination; but sure enough within less than a minute the sound was unmistakeable, and presently a car, curving into view, approached at a spanking rate. Conn made for the inn, followed more leisurely by Dan, and seizing the bell, according to rule, swung it vigorously, making its peals go ringing through the house. The book-keeper ran out of her room, the servants flocked hurriedly into the hall, the car pulled up and its two occupants jumped off. Why did old Matt Dwyer and his satellites open their mouths wide and stare hard? Why did Conn look astonished and the book-keeper turn pale? "Murder!" exclaimed Dan Hoolahan under his breath, as he too recognized the actors in the well-remembered fray of several months before, "them schoundhrels again!"

"Here!" cried the foremost and taller of the two, known to history as "Henry," addressing no one in particular, "look alive some of you! Just lift those bags out and put them where they'll be safe. And you" (to the driver) "take out and bait the horse, and be ready to start at two o'clock sharp."

Then he strode into the hall followed by his mute companion.

"Where is the book-keeper?"

"Here, sir," said Mrs. Hoolahan

"Well! you know, I suppose, what we've come for? Mr. Jardine has sent you word, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. This," motioning to the short comfortable figure of the rosy-faced man beside him, "is Mr. Lend. My name is Goble. We've got no time to lose, so as soon as you like we'll start on our tour of inspection; then we'll have a look at the books, and by that time perhaps you can have some luncheon ready, eh?"

While he spoke Mr. Goble kept his eye markedly fixed on the scar on Conn's forehead, and his face brightened with a gleam of satisfaction which he made no attempt to conceal. Conn's blood began to rise. The book-keeper took in the situation at a glance.

"Certainly, sir," she said, with alacrity. "Conn, my keys are on the table in that room. Bring them me."

But Conn would not hear his wife, and steadily returned his antagonist's look with a fierce meaning which grew each instant plainer to Mr. Goble; with the effect that the latter's exultant smile faded, his mouth contracted, and he suddenly turned away on his heel.

Conn looked after him an instant with mocking inward laughter, and a scoff was rising to his lips when his wife ran up to him.

"For my sake, Conn, you must neither see these men nor speak to them. Dan has done all the showing round, and he shall attend to them."

"Is it let these scoundrels go over the house!"

"What can we do to prevent them? We have no right to interfere."

"Good-bye to the inn for me, if they become its masters. I would not serve under them——"

"Nor I neither; but that is for hereafter. Nay, nay, Conn, for my sake avoid any chance of a quarrel."

The book-keeper was almost crying—how much softer she had grown! and at sight of her tears Conn's anger all fled away.

"For you, my dear," he chimed, "I'll do anything. I'll even seem to be a coward." And the book-keeper, without more words, calling Dan, told him to show "those gentlemen" over the house.

Conn was as good as his word and kept out of the way. But the encounter in which there had been neither words nor blows was not without its fruit. The demeanour of the firm was less aggressive; no further allusion either direct or indirect was made to the memorable *fracas*, and everything passed off peaceably. The house was gone over, the book-keeper's accounts were examined, and the visitors, when they had had luncheon, drove away.

As soon as they were gone, Dan had a long account to give to Conn and the book-keeper of how the gentlemen had looked and spoken; and the trio dwelt long and speculatively on what the meaning might be of such expressions as "radical alterations," "a clean sweep," "unnecessary expense," "old-fashioned," "a general smartening up all round,"—phrases which Dan reported to have fallen from the visitors at every turn.

"How was it they used to address each other when they were here before?" asked the book-keeper.

"'Gad, I forget,'" answered Conn. "There were three of them that time, but we never knew they were Goble and Lend."

"The villains!" cried Dan, "to call themselves by names not their own! And they were very eager to know what was in that case of yours, Jane, in the linen-room. I said I didn't know, and they looked at me very hard as if they thought I was telling lies. And when I said it belonged to the book-keeper, 'Oh,' says the tall one, 'I dare say. How many more things in the house belong to her?' and then he whispered to his friend, 'Mr. Jardine must keep his eyes open. He isn't sharp enough.'"

"Any one would think the place belonged to them already," said Conn, hotly.

The book-keeper answered nothing, and Conn felt that the whole affair was unsatisfactory.

Conn was more chaffed by his friends outside than usual that afternoon, on the score of his clouded prosperity. Hardness of life, the habit of living from hand to mouth, and of enduring privation, develop a comparative indifference to misfortune; and no one was particularly heart-broken because Conn, who had been lucky all his life, was not after all superior to the fickleness of chance. Neither was Conn himself cast down. But his readiness to join in the laugh against himself in presence of a change to his disadvantage which now more than ever seemed imminent, his half-risen exultancy even, born of the spirit of recklessness and love of adventure of which he had his share, were checked when he thought of his wife. He did not care much whither he might be tossed; but she! she was a barque built for summer seas, not fit for the wintry roar of troubled waters. Did he not know by heart her love for his native glen? "It is quite true, Conn," the book-keeper had said once in a fond moment when he had told her the meaning of its name, "I did, indeed, find a haven here, and you are my rocky island like that one there; it rises ruggedly and steep, but it shelters the creek making its waters always calm"—words like music to his peasant ears, filling his soul with joyful pride. They had only to recur to him, and his sanguineness was dashed at thought of their leaving Glencoönoge, of going forth out of

their paradise like the primæval pair to brave the unknown cheerless world together. How would it fare with her *there* by his side? thought he. Here she was in a way a queen, her life was primitive. There she would be only his wife, sunk to his level; and how long would her love survive contest with the sordid cares and vulgar strife of the rude surroundings in which his lot must be cast? how would he stand in her eyes when she should find that he was not the all-powerful guardian her glowing fancy painted him. He knew she had already come to regard the future with dread; she had told him why; these thoughts of his were partly the reflection of her own. So that when on the evening of the day on which Goble and Lend had paid their flying visit, Conn perceived that his wife was unusually preoccupied, he thought he could guess the reason. But in fact her mind was filled with a much slighter trouble, suggested by something which Dan reported to have fallen from these men; and the following morning she broached the matter to her husband, saying, "Conn, I am uneasy about that case of mine. Do you think your father could find room for it in his cottage?"

"'Tis very large," said Conn, doubtingly. "Anyhow, there'd be no harm in trying."

"It is worrying me so much," said she, "that I am almost inclined to be thankful it is the only piece of property I have got. But having it, I will run no risk of losing it. You remember what those men said yesterday to Dan? We must try and get it out of the way at once."

"I'll just step across now," said Conn, promptly, "and have a talk with my father about it."

"You had better measure it first, and then you will be better able to judge how much room it will take up," saying which, the book-keeper led the way along the passage to the furthest room—that in which she had been folding up linen with the girls on the first occasion of my seeing her. The case stood against the wall untouched since that day. Conn measured its height and width.

"'Tis very big," said Conn, considering, "and my father's cottage is but small."

"The picture is not as large as the case, that might make a difference perhaps."

"'Twill be easier to carry, anyway," said Conn. "I'll open the box and measure the picture."

"Can you open it?"

"Och! easily enough," said Conn, carelessly, after glancing at the fastenings, "they're only screws."

Conn went for his bag of tools, and the book-keeper sighed as she looked again at the case. "It must be five years since it was closed," she said to herself. "I wish it could remain so."

Conn returned immediately, and taking up a driver, without a word deftly loosened the screws. This done he raised the lid, and turning it back on its hinges, displayed to view something enveloped in a wrap, which, when removed, discovered a framed picture; the workmanship of the frame, however, and the subject of the picture being quite indistinguishable.

"Dust!" said Conn, touching the thick white coating which was upon both. "Where in the world did it all come from?"

"The case has travelled a good deal since it was fastened up," said the book-keeper, "and you know it has stood against the wall there for over two years."

Conn made no answer; and after a moment's pause dropped on one knee to wipe down the dust.

"From the frame first, please, please!" cried the book-keeper.

"Why from the frame first?" thought Conn; but he did not ask the question, nor even look round inquiringly. He wiped the dust from the frame, not noticing the intricacy of its mouldings, because the question kept repeating itself in his mind, "Why from the frame first?"

"Shall I do the picture, now?" he asked, quietly, for the frame was soon finished. Its gilding shone with a faded splendour surrounding an oblong blankness of white dust that covered the picture like a veil. "Shall I do the picture now?" he repeated, without rising and without looking round.

"Not yet. I cannot bear to look at it."

Conn turned suddenly. His wife was very pale, and starting to his feet he ran towards her, thinking she was going to fall.

"It is nothing, Conn, nothing," she said, putting out her hand. He took it in both his, and looked into her face anxiously.

"Was it the picture gave you the turn?" he said, with an angry glance towards it. "Sure I know well enough it was. Bother it for a picture! is what I say. 'Tis the divil and all for being unpleasant. Do you mind the day I vexed you because I wanted to open it and you wouldn't let me? And you were right, if it makes you unhappy—as if you haven't enough to

trouble you already! I'm mad with it, I am. It has been like a ghost all along, haunting you between whiles. But now just lave it to me, and I'll get Patsy to bring his cart along, and we'll bundle it across, case and all, and we'll cart it away and make a bonfire of it out on the hills. And when you see it blazing up, you'll be able to say to yourself, 'There goes my trouble into smoke!' For I won't have you annoyed again, my dear—more than I can help," he added, less confidently, remembering his recent reflections.

As Conn finished, the book-keeper's listening face broke suddenly into a smile before which Conn's wrathful determination failed. He could no more help being vanquished by a smile from her, whatever his mood might be, than rain-drops can refuse to glisten, or grass keep from looking bright, when after a shower the sunshine streams again over field and tree and bush.

"You forget the picture does not belong to me."

"'Twill never be claimed," said Conn, shaking his head.

"Give me the cloth," she answered, laughing, and taking it from his powerless hand, she went forward, and wiping the surface of the picture, disclosed it to view. It was the portrait of an old man fresh and ruddy of face; with white hair and black eyebrows and a look of scrutiny in the eyes; his lips were parting as if he was about to speak; his hands resting one on the other on the handle of a stick, and he was dressed in an old-fashioned, high collared body-coat, and a heavy neckcloth, above which the corners of a linen collar appeared.

The book-keeper had fallen back a few paces to where her husband stood, and she looked long and intently at the portrait, which one instant was there before her, and the next was quite blurred out, as tears alternately filled her eyes and, brimming over, coursed silently down her cheeks—for after all she had not under-estimated the strength of the associations which were linked with that long concealed face.

For Conn, too, the portrait had a fascination, and he was held so fixedly by its inquisitive eyes, that he did not notice how his wife was affected.

"What do you think, Conn?" she said at last, with a well-controlled voice.

"I think I never saw so living a thing in all my life. There are not two of us in the room at all, but three. And look! he's opening his mouth to speak! I declare he looks me through

and through! What do *I* think? 'Gad, I'm wondering what does *he* think. But," continued Conn, shaking off the illusion, "what am I saying? Sure 'tis only a picture after all!"

"And you never knew him?" he continued the next minute.

"Never. He died long before I was born. But he is like a living person to me, so entwined with my earliest recollections are his face as painted there, and the story of his life."

"He was a grand man, entirely. He'd be fit to dine with The O'Doherty at the Castle any day."

"He ranked much higher," said the book-keeper. "The O'Doherty is only a country gentleman. My grandfather would have taken precedence of him."

"He looks a sailor, every inch of him," said Conn, approvingly. "And d'ye mean to say that he, sitting there so staid and dignified, that he ran away from school for love of the sea?"

"So I have often and often heard from my poor mother's lips. But this portrait of him was taken in his old age, when he was an admiral."

Conn grew rather thoughtful.

"'Twas well he died when he did! If he had been alive now, I suppose you would never have come to this place, and I never would have seen you, and you would have been the wife of some other man? And yet that couldn't be," he added, with decision, "because we were destined for one another. The first time I ever saw you, something told me that you were for me. Didn't you feel the same? Why will you never tell me that, Jane? Sure I have no secrets from you!"

But the book-keeper either did not, or would not, hear what he was saying. She was looking at the portrait, and missed the expression, at once critical and approving, which was on her husband's face, as for a moment he eyed her pensive attitude and pretty figure, her grey dress plain and neat, her hair and face and neck, and proudly felt that she belonged to him. His eyes followed hers once more to the portrait of the old sailor, who seemed so eager to speak, and who bent his searching look not unfavourably upon him also. Presently the book-keeper turned towards her husband silently.

"He lived his life," said Conn, softly, seeing her wet cheeks and that she did not speak, "and we have to live ours, my own, and do the best we can. It won't be long in going, so don't cry,

my dear. There's old Matt Dwyer, now; he's the oldest man in the place, and he says the way life flies is the wonderfulest thing he ever knew in the world. And there's not a man or woman of them all that has grown old but says the same; and they were once as young as ourselves. Faith, time might stand still with me and welcome, but for one thing."

"And that is——?"

"If you were not happy, too, Jane; and I'm not sure that you are."

"Why do you doubt it, Conn?"

"Ah, yes, I am right! There is a cloud on you—of course there is. Have we not lost our best friend? May we not have to go forth upon the world and leave this quiet place? Sure I know all that well enough. What matter if there were nothing else!"

"Isn't that enough?"

"If that were but all! Tell me, Jane, do you fret because you are married to one who—who isn't half good enough for you?"

"Hush!" she said, putting her hand upon his mouth, and her eyes rising to his face, and resting on the scar upon his forehead, she burst afresh into tears.

"Oh, Conn! who cares for me but you? And you braved danger for my sake, you, the best of friends, my dear, my husband!"

"There, now, there!" he said, smoothing her hair with his big hands and kissing her forehead. "I've sometimes thought when I've seen you downcast—but, thank God! it was a lying fancy. Do you think there's anything I can't do, if you believe in me? Cheer up, cheer up. We may not have to go away at all; and if we do, who knows but it may be better for us. It grows on me more and more lately that 'tis a poor look out, in a manner speaking, staying here: for if not now, another time changes may come and turn us adrift when we are older, less active, and—and less free, perhaps, than we are now. I don't know what there is for us to do in this place, except farm. And not that even, for the land is full; and in this country, with the poor soil and the rents there are, it would never do. But out beyond in the great world across the seas—oh, what chances! what—what possibilities! Only do you stand by me, Jane, and there is nothing I will not do to keep all annoyance and all harm from you, as far as I am able. I declare there's nothing

I'd like so much as that you should be restored to your proper station through me. Why do you shake your head? It isn't a wild dream! Didn't *he*," pointing to the portrait, "begin at the lowest rung in the ladder and mount to the top of it? Sure I've known myself those from about here who've gone away as poor as poor could be, and who are rolling in wealth this day. Dunn, the brother of Dunn the beggarman, was one. Haven't you often said yourself, that some of the people who come to this inn, and spend money freely on cars and boats and wine and the best rooms, and who, to look at their dress, you'd think might be anything in the world for grandeur—haven't you often said that they were persons of no education who had made money? I'd be long sorry to bear myself as some of them do, if I was ever so rich, swaggering and bragging and drinking and swearing as some of them do. But just notice this: in spite of it all, we're their obedient servants, and what is it but their money makes us so—showing what money will do. If we were rich, 'tisn't like those people we'd behave ourselves, but we'd travel about and see things; and we'd go and see the friends who knew you in better days and lost sight of you, to let them know how prosperous you were once more, and all without them."

At this the book-keeper broke into a peal of joyous laughter, crying out: "What a funny climax! Struggles, success, affluence, independence—all steps to the crowning joy of triumphing over my old friends. Heigho!" she continued, wiping her eyes after her laughter, "you bring clearly home to me, Conn, the truth of what Father John sometimes says in his sermons about the emptiness of gratified ambition, and the hollowness of wealth. How happy we are here without them!"

"Do you say so? You make me happy, Jane, when you say that. I declare I wouldn't give a snap of the fingers for more than we've got, except for your sake."

At this moment sundry sounds in the house recalled them both to the work-a-day world. Opening the door to see what the matter might be, Conn perceived Mr. Jardine making his way along the passage, battering doors with his stick, slamming them to, and talking angrily to himself.

"The place is *not* deserted, then," cried Mr. Jardine, testily, when he saw Conn. "I could make no one hear, and thought mayhap you had all run away."

"I'm very sorry, sir, we have kept you waiting——"

"I have just run over," said Mr. Jardine, with a wave of the

hand by way of dismissing excuses, "as I told you I would, to make out an inventory; and now, as I haven't much time to spare, perhaps you"—to Conn—"will take me into every room without exception in the house."

"Yes, sir."

"And you, ma'am, might kindly have your books ready for me by the time I have finished. You know, of course, that 'tis all settled that the inn and its contents are to be sold?"

"No, sir!" cried Conn; "settled!"

"Aye, indeed. 'Tis a sad necessity, a sad business, indeed, altogether. And so now, if you please—hallo! what have we got here?"

His eye had fallen on the newly-opened case and its treasure. The book-keeper in a few words explained that it was her property, and that certain expressions which had fallen yesterday from the Dublin lawyers had alarmed her. While she did so, Mr. Jardine's eyes turned frequently from the portrait to her, and from her back to the portrait.

"You need be under no apprehension, ma'am," he said, when she had finished. "You needn't even trouble to remove it. 'Twill be nowhere so safe as under your own eyes. There will be no difficulty; dismiss that from your mind. And even if there should be, I, as executor, could put it straight for you in a twinkling. But there will be none; rest perfectly easy on that score."

The book-keeper thanked him heartily. Her sigh of relief was not lost on Mr. Jardine.

"Egad," he said, stopping in the doorway on his way out, "'tis as handsome a head as ever I saw, and with a likeness to yourself, ma'am, unless I'm mistaken?" he added, inquiringly, unable to restrain his curiosity in regard even to a matter altogether foreign to the business he had in hand.

The book-keeper coloured and laughed, but replied readily enough, "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Jardine; though I talk of the painting as mine, in reality it is only in my charge for somebody else."

"I see, I see. Just so, just so," he repeated as they got to the end of the passage, and he stopped to think in what order he would take the rooms. It was decided to begin with the coffee-room and to take the other rooms *seriatim*. One by one, with patient slowness, were the contents of each noted down. Passing the bar, they found the book-keeper there turning over

her books and looking back over her accounts. Mr. Jardine stopped in passing to explain precisely what it was he wanted to know, and then continued his work. Conn accompanied him, leading the way into each room. The last on the ground floor was that in which the trio had so lately stood—the linen-room. What it contained besides the portrait was of little value, lumber chiefly—old boxes, disabled furniture, and the great linen chest. Mr. Jardine's attention was again arrested by the portrait.

"Don't you see yourself the likeness to your wife?" he said, turning to his guide. Somehow or another Conn was rather disposed to resent the lawyer's curiosity, and would have done so, unmistakeably, had not Mr. Jardine been too important a person just then to lightly run the risk of offending. But there was that in Conn's tone which discouraged further questioning as he answered:

"'Twould be no wonder if there were, sir. 'Tis my wife's grandfather."

"Do you——!"

It must have been, "Do you tell me so!" that he was going to say; no other phrase could adequately have expressed the astonishment on his face. But he checked the words, and instantly recovering his countenance, quietly observed:

"I see, I see. Just so. As handsome a head as ever I saw!" he murmured, abstractedly, after some reflection. But there was a look in his eye as if he was considering how he could most skilfully extract more information from Conn unawares. He thought better of it, however, and quitted the subject, scared from it perhaps by the decision with which Conn, who had no intention of being further "drawn," raised the heavy lid, and letting it fall to, closed up the case.

Reviews.

I.—ENGLAND'S CONVERSION BY THE POWER OF PRAYER.¹

THE importance of a book is not to be measured by the number of pages it contains, and the Bishop of Salford's little pamphlet on England's conversion, containing only 28 pages and costing one penny, opens a field of thought and action which would, if his suggestions were adopted, soon change the face of a great part of the civilized world. His object is to encourage the hopes of Catholics for England's conversion, and to instruct them as to the means by which this end is to be attained. The *encouragement* is based on the gradual change which has taken place in the public opinion of the country. England is already half Catholicized by the "decay of prejudice, the advance of truth, the change in sentiment and policy and in faith and practice," which is rapidly taking place both within the Establishment and without. Indeed, the Bishop does not hesitate to assert that if the advance be at the same proportionate rate during the next sixty years as during the past, "England before the end of another century may be practically Catholic again." The *means* by which the change hitherto has been wrought, and by which alone the work can be perfected, is *prayer*. Without prayer, preaching or writing or controversy or lectures avail nothing. If Catholics had prayed more, the work would have been still more rapid.

A brief sketch of the chief instruments who have hitherto laboured in this work, confirms the Bishop's hopes by the testimony of various great servants of God, who have declared in no obscure language that England would one day return to the fold of Christ, and who have laboured and prayed incessantly for this object. One of the most remarkable of such men was Father Dominic, the Passionist, who received Cardinal Newman into the Church. Originally an illiterate peasant-boy, his life throughout bears the marks of supernatural guidance to

¹ *England's Conversion by the Power of Prayer.* By the Bishop of Salford. London: Catholic Truth Society.

some important work. Father Ignatius Spencer was another enthusiastic labourer in the same field. Since his death this work has languished somewhat, but now it is being revived, and the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has done much to revive it. Every one who is interested in England will do well to join this guild, not merely on account of the work it is doing, but because the prayers and good works connected with it have been specially indulged by the Holy See.

We earnestly recommend this admirable pamphlet. It is a great consolation to read it, especially when we hear so much of leakage and of the decay of the faith in places where it once held sway. We hope that those who have neglected the duty of praying for England may be brought by the Bishop's words to consider it a happiness and privilege to intercede with Almighty God for an object the fulfilment of which would influence the religious future of the whole world.

2.—EDUCATIONAL GRIEVANCES OF IRISH CATHOLICS.¹

(*Second Notice.*)

We pass very briefly over the question of Intermediate Education, because the recent grant removes at least one long-standing ground of complaint. It is true that the system of Examination is one that encourages the rapid thrusting in of a certain amount of knowledge rather than the gradual training of the youthful mind. But this is not a religious question, it is the general result of the competitive examination, and we may hope to see the system gradually perfected, so far as such a system admits of perfection. There is another anomaly connected with it, that of the seven Commissioners, four are Protestant and three Catholic. This is one of the curious proofs how Protestant ascendancy is not yet a thing of the past in Catholic Ireland.

It is to the University Question that we would more particularly direct the attention of our readers. Here the injustice shown to Catholics remains untouched. While Trinity College has a splendid endowment and magnificent buildings and estates, and the Queen's Colleges, of which only one has any consider-

¹ *Statement of the chief grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of Education, Primary, Intermediate, and University.* By the Archbishop of Dublin. Browne and Nolan.

able number of students, have also rich incomes assured to them by Government, the Catholic Colleges of Ireland have no endowment whatever, except the indirect endowment which the governing body of the University has bestowed on University College, Dublin, by the payment of a certain number of its Professors an annual stipend as Fellows or Teaching Examiners. Yet even this, as the Archbishop remarks, "does not really constitute an endowment in any very effective sense. The payment of Professors' salaries is only one element in the necessarily heavy outlay requisite for the maintenance of an efficient University College." Still it is without doubt a great help to the College, and one which gives its Professors a recognized position in the University which they would not otherwise have possessed. All the other Catholic Colleges, however efficient they may be, have to struggle on without any Government aid whatever, while the Queen's Colleges have the treble advantage of a direct endowment, the endowment of their Professors as Teaching Examiners, and the undoubted benefit which accrues to their members from being examined by men who have themselves taught the subjects in which they examine.

There is no doubt that Mr. Balfour is conscious of the existing injustice and desires to remedy it, but he seems to be afraid of the opposition made by Protestants to any endowment of "denominational" Colleges. This or some other reason best known to himself has prevented his bringing forward the proposal for a generous endowment of Catholic University Education, of which he had held out hopes scarcely differing from a positive promise. It may be that the endowment is only postponed till next Session. Meanwhile, the ever-increasing success of the Catholic Colleges is making the existing injustice continually more palpable, and even if we have to wait for another year or two, we shall have by that time achieved a still further advance in the task of Higher Education, and the grant, when it comes, ought to be all the more liberal from the fact that we have had to wait for it. Yet this does not at all justify the action of the Government in withholding what is justly due to us. Our demand in this respect has already been clearly formulated by the Archbishop of Dublin, and in the present volume he mentions three different plans which have been put forward. One is that there should be one State recognized University in Ireland, embracing as its Colleges all Colleges,

Catholic or Protestant, which fulfilled certain necessary conditions. This was Mr. Gladstone's scheme. The second is, that there should be two Universities side by side, one the University of Dublin, comprising Trinity College, or rather identified with it, and the other the Royal University. This is what exists at present, *minus* the endowment for Catholics. The third system would be that of three separate Universities, all on an equal footing as regards endowments. These would be Trinity for Protestant Episcopalians, the Royal University for Presbyterians, and a purely Catholic University for Catholics. In former times there would have been a fatal objection to this third scheme. The degrees granted by a Catholic University would have been looked down upon by the world generally, from a mistaken idea that the Catholic standard was lower. This notion has, however, been swept away by the success of Catholics when they have been brought into open competition with Protestants. As the Archbishop says most truly :

It is now universally known that from the Catholic side no objection in the sense of shrinking from an open competition would be made to a settlement which would establish one common University for all Ireland. We have openly declared that we in no way shrink from competition with Trinity College. The objection to a settlement of the question on that line has come, *not at all from us, but from the other side*. The objection comes from the authorities and friends of Trinity College itself. (p. 321.)

What the ultimate solution will be it is impossible to forecast. And at present the fact that there is no one opinion generally prevalent among Catholics points to a postponement of the final decision until such time as there is some sort of general consent.

His Grace gives a very interesting *résumé* (pp. 306, seq.) of the Parliamentary history of Irish Catholic University Education, of which the present state of things is the result, at the conclusion of which he discusses the merits and demerits of the three schemes of Education to which we have already referred. In one of a series of Appendices he states the doctrine of the Church respecting mixed education, and puts very forcibly the risk incurred by those who frequent Trinity College.

I may be told that individuals have passed, not only in safety, but in honourable fidelity to every Catholic principle, through Trinity College and other Colleges of mixed education in the country. Yes. And there were survivors of the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava. And men have passed with their lives through the rapids of Niagara.

Does all this tend, even in the remotest degree, to show that there is no danger in such things? Even amidst the most deadly perils, some favoured few, perhaps through some singular protection from the hand of Providence, may pass unharmed. (p. 361.)

We hope that the Archbishop's words of warning may be listened to as long as the present anomalies shall endure, and that the time may not be far distant when the temptation to frequent Trinity may be removed by the endowment of a Catholic College, which shall present the same pecuniary attractiveness, as it certainly will the same educational standard, with the existing Protestant institutions.

3.—THE CHURCH.¹

Canon Bagshawe is a model controversialist. He is always to the point, clear in his explanations, never bitter, and happy in illustration. He puts the difficulties urged by opponents with great fairness, and yet without so stating them as to lead any one to think that perhaps there may be something of truth on their side. Those who have made the acquaintance of his *Credentials* and *Threshold of the Catholic Church*, will welcome a book which passes from the threshold to the Church itself. He tells us in the Preface that his object in his new volume is to consider more carefully the definition of the Church, and to show how the Anglican idea of the Church is an illogical and impossible compromise between authority and private judgment. He takes a work by one Dr. Mahan, which was written some time ago, and is now rather out of date, and refutes its objections to the Catholic Church and the positive theory that it puts forward. Though Dr. Mahan is forgotten, yet his system fairly represents average Anglicanism, and in confuting him, Canon Bagshawe is confuting a large number of existing Anglican divines. The latter portion of the book is more distinctly constructive, laying down what a Church really is, and that it must exist as a living witness to the truth of Christ, and contrasting it with Anglicanism, which is neither Church nor witness. Last of all comes a very useful chapter on "Intention," which to many Protestants is a sort of vague, ill-defined, mysterious spectre, hovering over the Church, and

¹ *The Church*: or, What do Anglicans mean by "The Church"? By J. B. Canon Bagshawe, D.D. London: St. Anselm's Society.

frightening them away from it. Canon Bagshawe, in a few pages, shows that the doctrine of Intention is, like all other Catholic doctrines, nothing else than a piece of ordinary common sense, and only needs to be explained in order that we may see how reasonable it is. Thus, in reference to the application of it to the administration of the sacraments, he says :

Our Lord has given to His ministers a certain power, but this power can only be exercised by what is a human act. It is not the mere pronouncement of certain words, the uttering of certain sounds, which will suffice. If so, the power might be exerted by one in his sleep, or not conscious of what words he was uttering, or if he were using the words for some other purpose. Every one, I think, would consider this absurd, and therefore it seems clear that the words used must be an act of the will of the person using them, directed to a certain end, if they are really to exercise a power committed to him.

But there seems another reason for its necessity: the act is one not only of power, but of power which requires limitation to a particular object, and this limitation cannot well be made except by the intention of the agent.

For instance: a bishop ordains or confirms: *who* is ordained or confirmed? any one whom he touches? or who may be within reach of his voice? This seems absurd, and it is difficult to see how any limitation *can* be made, except by the directed *will*, or intention, of the agent himself. (pp. 282, 283.)

We spoke above of Canon Bagshawe's happiness of illustration, and we must give an example of it. He is speaking of the idea, common among Protestants of every degree, that our Blessed Lady receives from Catholics a homage of the same kind as that which is paid to her Divine Son.

But how about the "altars to Joseph and Mary," beside the altar of Jesus? Do not the beautiful altars to our Lady we sometimes see, prove that the worship paid to her is something like that given to God? I might just as well argue that, in Richmond, for example, the Church of England has a Church of the Holy Trinity, and also one, twice as gorgeous, of St. Mathias, and that therefore there must be a parity between the honour it means to give to God and to the Saint. (p. 67.)

We can scarcely imagine any one reading Canon Bagshawe's book without being at least brought a step nearer to the door of the Catholic Church. It is the work of one who knows by long experience what the main difficulties felt by Anglicans are, and how they may be met.

At the present day, there is a growing conviction among educated men outside the Church that Anglicanism cannot

stand the test of logic, and too often all belief in revelation disappears when the accepted tenets of the Protestant Church have been proved to be unsound. It is therefore more necessary than ever to enforce the truth of what Canon Bagshawe so well remarks in his Preface, that

Our Lord made the Church the "pillar and ground of the Truth:" if that pillar is taken away, or put out of sight, no wonder if the Truth appears to be without a foundation. Our Lord meant His Revelation to be defended by His Church; if His Church is ignored, no wonder His Revelation appears defenceless. (p. vi.)

We cannot do better than hope that this new book may have the same success as its predecessors in bringing those who at present are wandering in the dark into the clear light of Catholic truth.

4.—DOCUMENTA DE S. PATRICIO.¹

This interesting publication is divided into two *fasciculi*, the former of which had appeared some years since in the *Analecta Bollandiana*, issued periodically by the Bollandist Fathers in Brussels. We cannot but regret that the learned and indefatigable editor should have found himself called upon to republish this valuable contribution to the *Analecta* in separate form, as it clearly shows that, in these countries at least, the Bollandists have failed to meet with the encouragement this new venture of theirs so well deserves. As Moehler has truly observed in the Introduction to his *Symbolik*, every book that is not still-born has a two-fold history, one previous, the other subsequent to its becoming *publici juris*. This remark holds good here, as in an exhaustive Preface Father Hogan gives us a minutely detailed description and history of his sources, viz., the *Book of Armagh*, also known as "The Canons of Patrick," and the Lectionary of the Irish Monastery at Würzburg, now kept in the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne at Brussels—the *Codex Bruxellensis*. The former, consisting of two hundred and twenty-one parchment leaves, the first of which has been lost, is the copy of a more ancient compilation by Ferdomnach, who is mentioned by the Four Masters as "a distinguished scribe of the Church of Armagh," an encomium borne out by the penmanship of this MS. By

¹ *Documenta de S. Patricio, Hibernorum Apostolo, ex Libro Armachano.* Edidit R. P. E. Hogan, S.J., &c. Bruxellis: Typis Polleunis et Ceuterick, 1884 et 1889.

piecing together the faint and partially obliterated indications occurring here and there in the book, Dr. Graves, the Anglican Bishop of Limerick, has been enabled to assign it to the year 806 or 807, or 811—812, if O'Donovan's correction be accepted. With the contents of the MS., other than those relating to St. Patrick which are contained in the first twenty-four leaves, we have a less special concern. The main portion of it is a transcript of the New Testament in a sequence almost the same as that to which we are accustomed, save that the Acts are placed at the end, after the Apocalypse, the Epistle to the Colossians comes after those to the Thessalonians, and is followed by the Epistle to the Laodiceans, to which, however, is prefixed the brief notice: "Jerome denies that it is by Paul." This, together with the omission of the three heavenly Witnesses (1 St. John v. 7), points to a time when the Hieronymian Vulgate had not yet wholly displaced the earlier versions, though we are introduced to the Sacred Text by St. Jerome's Preface to Pope St. Damasus concerning his version of the Gospels. It is further worthy of notice that, save St. Mark, each Gospel is prefaced with a brief summary and an explanation of the Hebrew names occurring therein. The Epistles are preceded by the Prologue of Hilary on the Apostle, and by that of Pelagius (the heresiarch) on all the Epistles. Save the Epistle to the Galatians, to which St. Jerome's Prologue is prefixed, the other Pauline Epistles are preceded by a Prologue of Pelagius. The remainder of the volume is taken up with several treatises of Sulpicius Severus on the life and virtues of St. Martin of Tours, followed by two letters of the same author.

We pass on to the ancient record of the trials, labours, conflicts, and wondrous works of him whose hallowed memory is enshrined in the hearts of the faithful and long-suffering race, to whose forefathers "he showed the path of life." The earlier of these two *fasciculi*, published in 1884, comprises only the first twenty leaves of the MS., which, with the Life of our Apostle ending at page 9, col. 1, contain a series of notes, or annotations, entitled, "Collectanea," or "Collections," by Tirechan, of whom all we know is that, as he himself has left on record, he was a disciple of St. Ultan, Bishop of the clan Connor (*circa* A.D. 656), to whose oral instructions and book he refers as to the main source of his contributions to the history of St. Patrick. The author of the *Life of St. Patrick*, Muirchu Maccumachtheni, whose patronymic has been Latinized into

"Cogitosus" by later annalists, is mentioned at June 8th in the Martyrology of Tallaght, the Féilire or Festology of Oengus, and in the Calendar of Cashel. He wrote at the dictation or command of Aedh, Bishop of Sletty (*circ.* A.D. 698), as we learn from his Preface, or Epilogue, as it well might be called, seeing that with the table of the chapters of Book I. of the *Life of St. Patrick*, it is relegated to the twentieth leaf of the MS. This invaluable monument of ancient faith and piety was entrusted for centuries to the keeping of a family whose patronymic, McMaor, denoted this office. In 1680, Florentius McMuire, an unworthy scion of this honoured house, came to London as witness for the prosecution of the Martyr-Primate, Oliver Plunket. Being in want of money for his return journey, he left the *Book of Armagh* as security for a loan of £5! It thus came into the hands of the Brownlow family, from whom it was redeemed, in 1853, by Dr. Reeves, the erudite and sympathetic editor of St. Adamnan's *Life of St. Colum-Cille*. Some few years later, he transferred it to the then Anglican titular of the see of Armagh, on condition of its being deposited in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, where it is now kept for the behoof of the learned. As we have said, among other *lacunæ valde deflendæ*, the loss of the first leaf, which contained the first five chapters of the Life of the Apostle, with the beginning of the sixth, was the most to be regretted. The recent discovery of the *Codex Bruxellensis* has enabled the Bollandists and their gifted *collaborateur* to complete what, with the possible exception of Fiacc's Hymn, assigned by Leo (Hallischen Programm, A.D. 1845) to the year 540 as its earliest date, is the most ancient record of the life and apostolic labours of the father of our souls. The second and later *fasciculus*, published in 1889, contains the *Liber Angueli*, a revelation of the prerogatives of the Church of Armagh, the Confession or Autobiography of the Saint, and a fragment of his Epistle to the tyrant Coroticus, the last of the transcripts from the *Book of Armagh*. This is followed by the Gaelic or Irish *glossemata*, and annotations on the texts here given to the public, a list of Errata and Addenda, and lastly, by a complete dictionary, as it may well be called, both topographical and lexical. The footnotes dealing with the variants and obscurities of the texts, witness throughout to the painstaking and conscientious accuracy and to the extensive reading of the editor, whose pious labour of love calls for the grateful acknowledgment of all St. Patrick's children.

We must now pass in rapid review the contents of these time-honoured pages. The Prologue prefixed to the *Codex Bruxellensis* never formed part of the original MS., and needs be noticed only for what the editor justly calls its silliness. The opening pericope gives the parentage of the Apostle, and fixes his birthplace "in Britannis." While evidently siding with Cardinal Moran, who discovers *Bannavem thabur indecha* in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton, Father Hogan, wisely foregoing a bootless controversy, briefly refers the reader to the leading advocates of the respective claims of Armoric Gaul and Britain to the honour of having given birth to St. Patrick. We may observe that the Cardinal's view derives incidental confirmation from the closing words of the chapter: "The ship which was to take the fugitive slave 'to his own country' sets sail for Britain." It is also noteworthy that both the scholiast on Fiacc's Hymn and the author of the Fourth Life, St. Elean the Wise, gathers from the "*more hebraico*" which follows the six years assigned to the Saint's first captivity, the inference that, as with the chosen race,¹ so in Ireland, slavery was terminated by the expiration of six years from the time of its commencement.

The brief mention of the Saint's second period of bondage needs no notice. As is well known, the recently recovered folio I. was expected to close the warmly debated question of St. Patrick's Roman mission, the denial of which, it may be said, is the main thesis of the *Life of St. Patrick* by the late Dr. Todd, who commits himself to the formal assertion that "the Life of St. Patrick in the *Book of Armagh* ignores the Roman mission," thus ignoring, in his turn, or, by an inexplicable oversight, passing by, Tirechân's direct and reiterated testimony to the contrary. Granting that, in the nine first folios, a most distant reference to the Roman mission may be gathered from the pericope dealing with the Saint's episcopal consecration, nothing can be deduced from Machtheni's silence regarding Celestine and the Roman mission, especially in face of the early and authentic testimonies that assert it. The account of the Saint's landing at the mouth of the Vartry is prefaced by a brief yet telling description of the interests and powers leagued against him in formidable array. Needless is it to dwell on the incidents of his visit to Milchu, his former master, to whom, as Machtheni says, he bore a two-fold ransom—his own redemption money, and the Word of Truth that makes us free indeed.

¹ Exodus xxi. 2; Deut. xv. 12.

The account of St. Patrick's conflict with the ministers of Paganism, which follows next, is substantially the same in all the ancient accounts of the Saint, who, bearing his life in his hands, went to the "Fes Temra," the Feast of Tara, determined to strike at the superstition of the whole nation through its spiritual and temporal chiefs. The result justified his boldness: *Mors et vita duello conflixere mirando*. The events which followed present to us a conflict between the Kingdom of Christ and Satan's usurped dominion on a colossal scale. The powers of darkness yield inch by inch to the victory of Faith, armed but with prayer and the Word of God. By thus bearding the native heathenism in its stronghold, he paralyzed its power; henceforth he went through the length and breadth of the land, conquering and to conquer, and Ireland was the only country in the world of which the Gospel took possession without bloodshed. As, piecing together the tangled chronological clues furnished by these documents, we trace his progress to Connaught, where he laboured seven years, his return to Ulster, his missions in Leinster and Munster, ending with his journey back to the North and his death at Saul, we might almost complain that his personal character is, so to speak, eclipsed by the signs of his apostolate, the profusion of his wonders and mighty deeds. Here and there, indeed, we catch a glimpse of his tenderness of heart in his relations with Benignus; Tirechan's touching narrative of his interview with the two royal maidens, Ethne and Feidelm, at the well of *Clebach*, on the slopes of *Crochan*, witnesses to that mysterious attractiveness which is due to the indwelling of Christ in the hearts of His saints; while his four petitions on Cruach Patrick are a perennial record of his fatherly affection for the race he had snatched from the powers of darkness. To those who deny the possibility of miracles, or hold that wonder-working powers were entombed with the last surviving Apostle of Christ, it is enough to say that St. Patrick, and the displays of supernatural power recorded of him, stand or fall together: he is either the bardic presentment of a popular ideal, or the *thaumaturgus* pictured to us in the earlier records. To others who, while shrinking from assailing the inspired statements respecting the direct intervention of Omnipotence in the course of nature and in human events, for the sake of sheer consistency, reject the low Protestant view, but yet are staggered by the constant recurrence in these pages of signs and wonders, we would suggest that

the conversion of a heathen nation within the brief span of sixty years, if effected with few or no miracles, is a prodigy far more trying to our faith in the annals of the past than any the pen of Machtheni and Tirechan have recorded.

5.—AT THE HOLY WELL.¹

The name of John James Piatt is already well known in the literary world. Just six years have passed since his *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley* won for their author a tribute of almost universal praise. He has lately presented us with what he modestly calls "A Handful of New Verses." Like most American poets, he wanders by unbeaten paths. Leaving behind him the time-worn ways and modes of every-day poetic thought, he strikes a track, as did the pioneers of old, towards regions yet unknown. We find a freshness and a charm in his muse that savours of the distant West, and reminds us that his poems are as voices springing from the cradle of a nation that is fast emerging into fresh and energetic manhood.

Yet Mr. Piatt's verse is not confined to themes suggested by the far-extending prairies of the West, or by the great historic memories that cling around the childhood of its people; like many of his countrymen, he feels a deep and heartfelt sympathy with Ireland, whom he compares to a mother that, wailing for her children in longing silent grief, sits by the western wave.

She comforts her fierce heart
With the far vision of that greater Land
Deep in the Atlantic skies,
St. Brandan's Paradise !

And beyond the ocean, where the evening sun sinks glowing
into the great waste of waters, another kindred form,

Mighty and wondrous fair,

driving away the strength of Ireland and carrying her strong
and vigorous sons and daughters beyond the seas,

Stands on her shore-rock ; one uplifted hand
Holds a quick piercing light
That keeps long sea-ways bright ;

She beckons with the other, saying, "Come,

O landless, shelterless,

Sharp-faced with hunger, worn with long distress ;

Come hither, finding home !

¹ *At the Holy Well, with a Handful of New Verses.* By John James Piatt.
Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street, 1890.

The "Holy Well," which appears in the title-page of the book, is one of those numerous places of devotion and pilgrimage which are not unfrequently the scene of miraculous cures, and are held in extraordinary veneration by the people. Many of these "Holy Wells" are associated with St. Patrick, and are said to have sprung up at his bidding, or to have been used by him on his missionary journeys; in other instances they are connected with one or other of the many Irish saints who flourished in the ages that succeeded to the coming of the great Apostle. Some also are dedicated to the Holy Mother of God, and to this latter class belongs the one of which our poet writes. It is known as "Lady's Well," and is situated at Aghada, co. Cork.

Among the restless leaves, breeze-lifted, lo !
Mute witnesses of many an August sun,
The abandoned staff, the votive garment show
Their grateful signs of blessings sought and won.
Through the green fields, by many a dusty way
The rich, the poor, the sick, the blind, the dumb—
Ragged or bare, in silks or frieze (as they
For fifteen hundred years have come)—they come.
The blind one sees? The lame his crutch foregoes?
The bed-ridden walks? The pang of sense finds rest?
To the wan cheek climbs back the unblighted rose?
The new heart throbs and warms the hollow breast?
O simple souls! whom Science has not taught
Her earth-lore vain for Truth Ineffable;
For your belief such wonder-works are wrought,
And common day grows quick with miracle.

All this in our enlightened nineteenth century, when, according to the modern sages, miracles have ceased to be. Truly in this land of sorrows the hand of God is no way shortened.

A touching little poem, "The Lost Hunting Ground," depicts a scene in Illinois, where once:

Lord of the Flower Land, jealously
The Indian watched the moving bee
Steer his long westward way;
Or, deep in fragrant-wooded dells,
Building ambrosial waxen cells,
Toil through the sultry day.

But now how changed the scene is; where once the prairie and the forest held primeval sway and witnessed to the ceaseless labours of the bee, singing its joyous song throughout the live-long summer's day, are found the busy hives of men, the

smoking factories with their endless din. The poor Indian, returning from the far-off West to steal a last glimpse at the home of his boyhood, finds

His hunting ground . . .
 Roofed with far-murmuring cities vast,
 Splendent with spire and tower !

And broken-hearted he returns to the distant place of exile from which advancing civilization has not yet expelled him.

"Pacific Pioneers" is a word-sketch copied from Emanuel Leutze's mural painting "Westward Ho," in the capitol at Washington. The hardy sons of toil are depicted making for the "Land of Gold" that lies beyond the mountains; behind extends a weary tract where—

Fallen camp-fires scar the eastward plain.

They are represented struggling one by one up to the—

Mountain's earthquake shattered crown.

Whence, dazed with wonder, they behold beneath them—

Through orange hazes of the sunset glow
 Far-glimmering streams and dusky vales unfold.
 Lithe men, babe-suckling women onward go—
 Yonder it shines, your promised land of gold.

At times too Mr. Piatt turns philosopher and moralist, but yet his brow is ever bright and joyous, and a playful smile is on his lips. As an instance, take the following; it is entitled "Bubble Blowers:"

Joyous faces in the sunshine,
 Happy laughter, tossing hair,
 See the children blowing bubbles—
 Worlds in bright enchanted air !
 Worlds, their merry new creations—
 Fairy globes for lifted eyes !
 In the sunshine rise the bubbles,
 From their hearts the fairies rise.

There are many other poems in this book to which we should wish to call attention, such, for instance, as "The Boy on Gambier Hill," and "Sea Shells"—which, by the way, reminds us of the beautiful and well-known statue of the little boy listening with wondering attention to the subtle sounds imprisoned in the folds of a large sea shell which he is pressing close to his ear—but we believe that the few extracts we have given abundantly suffice to show that Mr. Piatt's songs will live into the future.

6.—THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.¹

A Life of St. Thomas of Aquinas has long been needed, and we are glad to welcome one that is edited by a member of his own Order. It is beautifully printed, and contains eleven well executed illustrations that make the work still more attractive than it would otherwise be. We observe that the likeness of the Saint is well maintained throughout, from the stalwart boy of fourteen offering himself to the Dominicans of Naples, to the dying man who passed away at a comparatively early age at the Cistercian Abbey of Fossa Nuova. The picture of the crucifix commending St. Thomas' doctrine on the Blessed Eucharist is especially well executed, though it does not exactly correspond to the text which tells us that those who were present saw our Lord descend from the crucifix and stand upon the manuscript of the Saint before the words were spoken.

But from the illustrations we turn to the Life itself. It is very clearly and simply written, and gives us a most instructive picture of the character and virtues of the Saint. During his life miraculous occurrences frequently attested his sanctity. Our Lady often appeared and helped him in his difficulties. He was frequently seen raised several feet from the ground during time of prayer. One day when he was kneeling with a candle in his hand absorbed in prayer, the candle burned down and the flame passed through his fingers, but he was quite unconscious of any pain. On another occasion an abscess in his thigh had to be burned out with a red-hot iron, but he appeared quite insensible to the agony that it must have caused him. He often received visits from saints and angels. For instance :

Whilst he was writing his "Exposition of Isaias," he could not decide on the meaning of a particular text. After spending several days in prayer and penance, his companion, who was in an adjacent cell, heard him in the night conversing with some persons in a loud voice, but he could not distinguish with whom he was speaking. When they had ended, the Saint called to him, saying, "Reginald, my son, arise, light the lamp, take the manuscript on Isaias, and begin to write it over again." After an hour's dictation, he told him to return to rest, as there was still time to sleep. But Reginald threw himself at his feet and said, "I will not rise from this place until you have told me with

¹ *The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor.* Edited by Father Luis Cavanagh, O.P. London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

whom you were conversing for so long a time." St. Thomas twice evaded the question, but at last, fearing lest he should be wanting in respect to the name of God, by which he was adjured, thus answered: "Dear son, you have seen my affliction the last few days because I could not understand a text of Isaias: you know with what tears I have prayed to be enlightened. Well, this night our Lord has had mercy on me, and He has sent the Blessed Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, whose intercession I had invoked, and they have fully instructed me. But I command you, in the name of God, to reveal this secret to no one during my lifetime." (pp. 189, 190.)

But the greatest miracle of all was the amount of literary labour that he accomplished in his short life. He was continually interrupted by external occupations, and had indifferent health towards the end of his life, but he nevertheless wrote an almost incredible number of volumes, and those on the most difficult and abstruse subjects in existence.

It is difficult [says his biographer] to understand, how he could have carried on such multitudinous literary labours. It was only accomplished by his gigantic intellect, his powers of abstraction, and his zealous employment of every minute of time. Tocco assures us, moreover, that he had the faculty of being able to dictate to three, and sometimes four, writers at the same time, on different matters; without ever losing the clearness and continuity of each subject. One of his secretaries testified that even when, overcome by fatigue, he closed his eyes in sleep for a short time, he continued to dictate as before. (p. 206.)

No one could have accomplished so much without special assistance from Almighty God. He himself said that he had learned more at the foot of the crucifix than he ever did from books. Those who study thus have a Good Master, and are sure to make supernatural progress. The idea that he was stupid in his youth, and thence acquired the sobriquet of the *dumb ox* from his companions, is unfounded, or rather, is founded on his own wonderful humility, and not on any deficiency in his mental powers. From his infancy he had a marvellous and a quite precocious intellect. The Abbot of Monte Cassino, where he was sent as a young boy, was much impressed with his genius, and he was sent to the University of Naples at a very early age. But on entering the Dominican Order, he was so successful in concealing his talents that his more thoughtless companions judged him stupid and incapable. One of them took compassion on him, and offered to explain to him what he seemed not to understand.

Thomas thanked him gratefully and accepted the offer, until at length his instructor having been puzzled by some difficult passage, Thomas made it so perfectly clear by his exposition of it that his well-meaning teacher was thunderstruck, and master and pupil soon changed places. He soon attracted the attention of his master, the Blessed Albert the Great, who on one occasion cried out to him in the presence of the whole school :

"Brother Thomas, thou dost not speak as one who defends an opinion that is attacked, but as a Doctor who lays down a truth that is to be held." (p. 53.)

His life as a student is best learnt from a letter which he wrote to a friend who had asked his advice. The precepts he laid down are those which ruled his own conduct.

Because thou dost ask me, John, most dear to me in Christ, how it behoveth thee to study so as to acquire the treasure of science, I give thee this counsel. Seek not to plunge at once into the deep sea of knowledge, but approach it by the rivers which lead to it ; for by easier things thou shalt attain to the more difficult. This is my advice and instruction. I charge thee to speak little and to be slow in frequenting places of talk : preserve strict purity of conscience ; desist not from prayer, and love to frequent thy cell, if thou desire to be introduced into the intimacy of the Beloved. Show thyself amiable to all ; do not take offence at the deeds of others, but do not become very familiar with any ; for familiarity often leads to contempt, and is of much hindrance to study. In no manner concern thyself with the words and actions of those in the world. Above all things fly useless visits. Omit not to imitate the Saints, and to walk in the footsteps of the good ; do not fail to keep in thy memory everything good that thou hearest from whatever source. And whatever thou dost learn or acquire from others, understand it well. (pp. 65, 66.)

After St. Thomas' death there was a long struggle between the Cistercians of Fossa Nuova and his own Order for the possession of his body. Some of the former removed his coffin from the place where it had been deposited, but St. Thomas appeared to the Abbot and, reproving him for what he had done, compelled him to restore it to its original resting-place. In carrying out the wishes of the Saint, the delicious odour which the body exhaled betrayed the secret, for all the monks came running from their cells to know whence arose the heavenly fragrance that pervaded the monastery. When the coffin was opened the body was perfect and unchanged

after lying for seven months in a very damp place. The quarrel for its possession had to be at last decided by the Pope, who handed it over to the Dominicans of Toulouse. The cord with which the angels girded the young St. Thomas in his youth is still preserved in the Convent of Chiere, in Piedmont. It is flat and rather wider than a straw, and the threads of which it is composed are so fine that it is impossible to say of what material they consist.

We have but quoted here and there a few stray passages from this interesting Life, which we hope our readers will peruse for themselves.

7.—THE ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.¹

(*Second Notice.*)

In a former notice of this work we mentioned the state of things in France before the French Revolution, and we called attention to the prosperous, or apparently prosperous, relations that connected the King, the Church, and the people. We must look a little more closely to trace the rotten points in the existing condition of affairs that led to the crash. One reason was the overwrought worship of Royalty. The King was adored, sometimes with fear and trembling, sometimes with rapturous idolatry. His faults as an individual were concealed by the abstract idea of royalty with which he was clothed, as with a heavenly garment, while his virtues shone forth with redoubled lustre. So it was with the priest. The people still possessed in their minds the sacred idea of the priest, bearing the ineffaceable character, and this covered often a multitude of sins. All this spirit of faith, all this loyalty, all this happiness, had within themselves the seeds of their own decay. The King, as time went on, took upon himself, more and more, the attributes of the High Priest, that is to say, he represented, to a great extent, the Church as well as the other estates. The Church had great resources in her power, but neglected to use them independently, and hence they became absorbed in those of the King, who used them for the purpose of perfecting his own position. The French clergy did not struggle against this, they admitted the situation and accepted it. But while the power of

¹ *Les Origines de la Révolution Française au commencement du XVIIe. siècle.* Par R. de Maulde-la-Clavière.

the Church died through inanition, that of the King increased through its aid and became supreme, until the whirligig of time brought about its revenges. In the hands of Louis the Eleventh, who though himself *une grande partie de l'Eglise*, and of such advisers and friends as the wretched Cardinal Balue, the grand ideal of the Christian Church fell pitifully low. The King became the head of the Church, and the dispenser of its benefices.

An accurate description of Louis the Eleventh is given in Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*. He was a profound believer in the supernatural qualities that belonged to him as head of the Church in France. He bargained with the saints whose leaden medals he carried around his hat, paying off a crime by an act of virtue. He was a hypocrite who strove to deceive every one, and certainly deceived himself. Here then began that state of things of which we have already described the outcome in the sixteenth century.

Joan of Arc was an object of the mighty homage that the faith of the people paid to those whom they considered to be gifted with the gift of supernatural powers. In her case it may be observed that her conspicuous virtue, that to which she devoted her life, that for which she received her death, was her loyalty. She died for her God and her King; her country, of course, was not forgotten, but was not even the primary motive of her actions. Her name was held in great veneration during the centuries that immediately followed her death; even still the atheists and Freemasons of France dare not attack her, but are compelled to accept her as the great national heroine, while they endeavour to prove that she was the Goddess of Liberty transferred to the middle ages.

Another example of the great faith of the people is given in the *Life of St. Francis of Paula*. This is given to us at some length, but as all Catholics have opportunities of reading his Life, we shall not say much about him, except that he, a poor and uneducated peasant, having devoted himself to the service of Almighty God, obtained, although much against his will, the veneration of all men, high and low, rich and poor, of the bad and even of the good. King Louis the Eleventh, when dying, sent for him that he might cure him. On his journey from Rome to Lyons, and thence to Paris, so great a throng attended that the country did not seem large enough to contain them. The King overwhelmed him with gifts, he refused them

all. With difficulty he reconciled the King to death. Through his sanctity, his humility, his miracles, and his fasts, he exercised a wonderful influence on the Court, and thence on the country, which even survived his death. The three children of Louis were entrusted to his care, and the next King, Charles the Eighth, remembered the teaching of a master whom he loved.

But in addition to the absorption of the Church's authority by the King, other evils were at work amongst the clergy. Power and wealth still remained, although not directed to its proper ends. Many of the bishops and dignitaries of the Church led scandalous lives, more of them were very worldly, as Claude de Seyssel writes, always absent from their dioceses, having forgotten how to pray, deaf to any voice but that of their ambition, and attached to the Court. "*Sans y faire grand service, mais plustost scandale.*" And Brantonne says, "What a life, one of hunting, dogs, birds, feasts, women; worthy of men who have arrived at the prelature by purchasing the suffrages of the canons."

One should always avoid attributing the vices of a conspicuous number, taken from several centuries, to all, but there can be little doubt that the higher ranks of the clergy were subject to terrible scandals. They left the people for the King, and corrupted the true feeling of loyalty for an insane kind of worship. And this existed not only among the selfish and ambitious, but among the humble and holy, and can be found to have existed even to the time of the Revolution.

Of the clergy of the lower class we have only room to state in general that they lived amongst and united to the people among whom their lot was cast. This had not so much the effect of changing the people for the better as of changing the clergy for the worse. We may easily suppose that the wealth of the French Church was not applied to educate them. The description given of them reminds us somewhat of Shakespeare's Sir Hugh Evans, so strong a contrast to the regular clergy, wherever they appear in his plays. Sir Hugh, however, presents a picture of manifest abuses; the lower clergy of France were poor, worldly, and careless about spiritual things, not decidedly false to the ideal of a holy and zealous priest, for that had never been engrained in their soul.

From the many abuses in the clerical "estate"—which we have no time to more than describe in general terms—our author turns to describe the growing evils in other parts of the State. But we need not follow him, he is merely pushing to its final consequences the conclusion we have already arrived at, that the deterioration and ruin of all the most venerable, and apparently the most solid institutions of the old *régime*, arose from that attempted subordination of the Church to the State, in which the former was destined to be the handmaid of the latter. In this, the source of the nation's spiritual life was itself attacked, and death rapidly made its way to the outlying members. And it is a thing to be remarked that the blow which struck down the King and clergy and separated them from the people was, it turned out for the advantage of the clergy, whom it reformed, not for that of the people, whom it separated from them, and to whom even heroic virtues in a priest became uninteresting.

The ordinary reader will in this work find many brilliant descriptions of the times that are treated of, which are principally the eleventh and the succeeding centuries. One who wishes to become more thoroughly acquainted with their history will find not only a large amount of curious facts, but a great index of sources of references; while, above all, the work contains many marks of profound and original thought.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Catholic Church and Socialism*¹ is an exposition of the fact, that we must regenerate the individual, if we wish to regenerate society. The Catholic Church, it is shown, neither merges the individual in the State, as was done in the Roman Empire, nor-gives the individual full play to the jeopardy of the State, as the barbarians who subverted that Empire are said to have done. We rather question that saying about the barbarians, the ancient Germans, for example. The writer, speaking Hegelian language, calls the Roman method the *thesis*, the barbarian method the *antithesis*, and the Christian the *synthesis*. He points out a thing which we have not seen so well expressed before, that Socialism, being a mode of political economy, can do no more for man than lies within the scope of economic methods; it cannot change or chasten, soften or purify the heart.

Political economy does not recognize the individual at all. It knows nothing of man as man; it discovers merely the economic laws that work within the social body. . . . It is a science of the *thesis*; it recognizes only the social factor and has nothing to say of the individual. . . . This has been both the mistake and the error of Socialism. It has sought a remedy where no remedy is to be found. The amelioration of the individual is the end that Socialism proposes, and it seeks that solution at the hands of a science which knows nothing of the individual at all.

Just so. No economic change, not even on the grand scale that Socialists contemplate, will avail to make the individual virtuous. And, till we have more virtue in individuals, society will remain unsound on any economic basis.

¹ *The Catholic Church and Socialism.* By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D. B. Herder, 17, South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. 48 pp.

*The Catholic Church and the Bible*¹ is a most suitable pamphlet to put into the hands of any one who asserts that the Church of Rome withholds the Bible from the people, and that the Reformation first gave them the privilege of reading the Word of God in the vernacular. The Saints and Bishops of the Catholic Church not only continually enjoin the reading of the Word of God, but were themselves most zealous students of it; witness the intimate acquaintance with Scripture possessed by mediæval preachers, and the fact that the commentaries on Holy Scripture most highly esteemed even among Protestants are the work of Catholic priests. Besides, the number of translations of the Bible, even in those days when literature was very limited, clearly proves the anxiety of the Church to make the Bible known to the people.

*Asserta Moralia*² is a very useful collection in compendious form of some of the more difficult points of Moral Theology which most frequently present themselves for solution in the sacred tribunal of Penance. Every priest ought from time to time to refresh his memory on the questions of moral theology, but those who honestly make the attempt, find the elaborate detail of ordinary treatises a considerable difficulty in their way. This admirable manual is intended to make easy the duty of an habitual study of moral, and we earnestly recommend it to all pastors who are anxious to be accurate in what they teach to those who resort to them for advice and guidance.

Father Jenkins' work on *Christian and Godless Schools*³ has been already noticed in THE MONTH, but we must express our satisfaction at seeing that it has not only reached its fourth edition in the United States, but has also been brought out in separate form on this side of the Atlantic. Though it has a special bearing on the contest that is going on in America, yet it embraces England, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Germany, in its history of the struggle between the two systems. It contains a series of most valuable documents issued by authority by assembled and individual Bishops, by the Council of Baltimore, by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and by the Pope himself. We hope that in England and Ireland it may have the same influence for good that it has already exercised in the United States. We can scarcely wish it anything better

¹ *The Catholic Church and the Bible.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Asserta Moralia.* Auctore M. M. Matharin, S.J. Paris: Retaux-Bray.

³ *Christian Schools.* By the Rev. T. J. Jenkins. London: R. Washbourne.

than this, as the testimony of bishops, priests, the public press, and numerous leading Catholics, clearly shows. In an autograph letter at the beginning of the book, Cardinal Newman pronounces it "as seasonable and important in England as it can be in America."

The Catholic Truth Society, always seasonable in its publications, has just issued a little story which bears a title of curious significance to those who are interested in the contest that is being waged in some parts of Ireland between the Government and the people. But the *Shadowed Life*¹ described by Miss Lushington, is haunted, not by the ever-present policeman, but by a sad event in the past which has thrown a lasting gloom over it. What that event is, and how it finally disappears, and all else that is interesting in this instructive little story, we will leave our readers to discover for themselves.

In all matters of material civilization, America is certainly well in advance of the more slowly developing civilization on this side of the Ocean. The European housewife will have much to learn from the *American Home Confectionery Book*,² which Messrs. Burns and Oates have just published, and which is the work of an American authoress. Some of the dainties it instructs us to compound are most attractive in their classical nomenclature. Who can resist "Jove's bread," or "Cupid's porridge," or "Goddess' milk," or "Nabob's custards"? Towards "Niggers' foot," and "Frangipani pie," and "Amazones' milk," we must confess we are not similarly attracted, but perhaps the dishes may be more delicious than the names suggest. American "Waffles" are a mystery to us, and so are "Koos-coos," and "Kooscooroons." We are ashamed to say that we are not clear in our conceptions as to the distinction between a cake and a cooky, but we confess to a sensible curiosity as to the various characteristics of "Darling's cookies," "Love's cookies," "Misses' cookies," "Sunday cookies," and "Dainty cookies." We do not profess any acquaintance with the mysteries of the art, but we scarcely can persuade ourselves that "Pernambuco cookies" are very palatable, as their ingredients are nothing else than "starch, aniseed, eggs, lard, and salt water." Every cook and maker of pastry will find recipes here altogether new and tasty beyond description, and as the recipes are in all three hundred, and comprise

¹ *The Shadowed Life*. By H. Lushington. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *The American Confectionery Book*. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

recipes for "all kinds of cakes, sweetmeats, preserves, pastry, puddings and pies, as prepared in both Americas and the Indies," we shall look for many a toothsome dish on our tables during the present season that was unknown to us before.

*Problems of Life*¹ is a simple, ordinary, unpretentious story, told in an ordinary way, and without any special literary claims, but which, nevertheless, we read with interest. It relates the struggles of a young man who, having fallen through his own fault into great misery, bravely fights his way back to an honest position, and returns as a repentant prodigal to his father's home. The language indeed betrays the foreign origin of the writer, but the story inculcates good principles and, without being religious, is unexceptionably moral.

*Forgotten Heroines*² is a very interesting account of the cruel persecutions undergone by a convent of Dominican Nuns at Strasburg at the time of the Reformation. It is a most edifying record of constancy and suffering. Some few indeed apostatized, but their miserable fall only brings out more clearly the heroic courage of the great majority of these holy women. Some of the details of the story are very curious. On one occasion an attempt was made by the heretical Senate of Strasburg to starve them into submission. But God worked what seems clearly a miracle in their behalf, and after subsisting for many days on bread and water, the good nuns were found in perfect health, fairer than before, and with faces which shone with joy and happiness. The book is well suited as a premium book for convent girls.

The Catholic Child's History of England,³ though it is specially intended for children, is one which their elders may read with interest and profit. It is rarely that a compendium of history can be made entertaining, as it must of necessity give a very brief account of even the most momentous events. The little volume before us is, however, concise without being dull, for it brings into prominence the leading features in the history of this country, with a judicious introduction of details where these are necessary to lighten the narrative and impress it upon the reader. It is, besides, written in short sentences, which renders it easy and pleasant reading for children.

¹ *Problems of Life*. By A. Winter. London: John Hodges.

² *Forgotten Heroines*; or the History of a Convent in the days of Luther. By the Author of *Tyborne*, &c. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *The Catholic Child's History of England*. Dublin: Sullivan Brothers. London: R. Washbourne, 1890.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The August number of the *Études* comments on the programme of studies for the Bachelor's degree, as constructed on fresh lines by the Minister of Public Instruction. Various omissions in this latest edition—the twentieth since 1808—are pointed out, as well as various dangers to be apprehended from it. Father Hamon, writing from Quebec, contributes an interesting paper on the position of French Canadians in New England, where they constitute a large contingent of the Catholic population. Emigrating in large numbers from Canada to seek employment in the factories which abound in the States, they form centres among themselves, holding aloof from the other inhabitants, and by retaining their own language, their own religion, their own customs, avoid becoming incorporated into American nationality. Under the title of "The Bible of Sixtus the Fifth," Father Prat gives an account of the proceedings of the committee composed of the most eminent theologians and linguists of the day, appointed by that energetic Pontiff to examine and correct the text of the Vulgate, which had been declared by the Council of Trent the sole authentic version of Holy Scripture, since it alone was free from heresy, though not exempt from alterations and interpolations on the part of transcribers. Father Poulain expounds the advantages of the project for the unification of time throughout the world; a reform easy to effect by means of a simple system which divides the globe into twenty-four zones, adopting an initial meridian. The refusal of France to coincide in the selection of the Greenwich meridian as the universal starting-point, appears to rest on motives of national pride rather than scientific reasons. The remaining articles in the *Études* are the account of the closing years of M. de Belcastel's life, during which he carried on an apostolate of prayer and of good works, dying as he lived, like a model Christian; the account of an unusual incident in the life of a Jesuit—his election to be mayor of his communalty, as a protest against the persecution of the Society; and a brief review of Mr. Stanley's latest work on Africa.

The thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great suggests some remarks in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* on the condition of the Church and of society at the end of the sixth

century, and of the reforms effected by that able and vigorous Pontiff when, on September 3, 590, he assumed the helm of Peter. No man could have been found more suited to guide that storm-tossed bark in those troublous times. Unsurpassed by any Pope before or after in the universality of his apostolic zeal and fatherly care for the spiritual needs of his vast flock, he was no less remarkable for his wisdom and judgment in the management of temporal matters; he is well described as a great ruler, a great teacher, a great saint. Father Lehmkuhl discusses the results of the Berlin Conference for the interests of the working classes. The regulations recommended to be adopted by the different Governments concerning labour in mines, the Sunday rest, the employment of women and children, are, he asserts, in theory most desirable, but will prove of no practical efficiency, because not grounded on the fear of God and the spirit of Christianity, which alone can teach contentment to the poor and charity to the rich. Father Dressel shows that the progress of physical science during the last fifty years points to energy and entropy as the two great forces of the material universe, the mainsprings of inorganic matter—the former as its motive, the latter its concentrative power; to one of these two all the innumerable transformations of matter are due. Father Hammerstein writes upon the question of the religion in which the children of mixed marriages are to be brought up. The various laws prevailing in the different States of the German Empire are examined, to see whether any one might be adopted as law throughout the whole realm. Legislation on this point, to introduce uniformity in the civil code, is much to be desired. The sufferings of Catholics in the Netherlands since the time when Calvinism—that worst form of the new teaching—over-spread Holland; the courageous efforts of the clergy to maintain the light of faith amid persistent and cruel persecution, until, with the present century, better times commenced; and the recent happy development of every branch of ecclesiastical life in the country, forms the subject of the concluding article by Father Baumgartner.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (964) admonishes the faithful to withhold their contributions from the public charities of their country, and bestow them upon private institutions, in consequence of the Government having taken into its own hands the disposal of the 14,000,000 *lire* annually subscribed by Italians for the maintenance of the charitable works now in

process of laicization. The above-named sum is far from representing the whole amount contributed to good works by Italians, whose liberality in almsgiving rivals that of the early Christians under the oppression of the Cæsars. An article entitled, "Why Freemasonry hates the Church," alleges as the reason of the bitter hostility of this sect to religion, in the first place, that it aims at the destruction and removal of all that the Church upholds and represents; in the second place, that its whole machinery is in the hands of Jews, whose undying hatred to the name of Christian is only too well known. The period treated of in the present instalment of the history of St. Gregory's Pontificate, is the siege of Rome by the Longobards, and the endeavours of Gregory to bring about a lasting peace for Italy. The Natural Science Notes give four different hypotheses as to the situation of the earthly Paradise, with the arguments-for and against each theory; an antidote for the bite of venomous snakes is also mentioned; and some interesting details are added respecting the singular instinct of carrier pigeons and their wonderful powers of flight.

The following number (965) inquires into the origin of Socialism. It is stated to be the natural outcome of Liberalism, atheism and anarchy being the logical consequences of the principles which would separate Church and State. In another article the *Civiltà* brings facts and arguments to prove that the present lamentable corruption of manners in Italy results from the wide-spread and fatal influence of Freemasonic thought. The remaining paper speaks of the beneficial effects of the *Gesellen-Vereine*, or artisan's associations established in various towns of Germany by Adolf Kolping, the Apostle of the working classes.

